

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XLIII.

ON Alfred's leaving Silvertown, Mrs. Archbold was prostrated. It was a stunning blow to her young passion, and left her weary, desolate.

But she was too strong to lie helpless under disappointed longings. Two days she sat stupidly with the heartache; after that she bustled about her work in a fervour of half-crazy restlessness, and ungovernable irritability, quenched at times by fits of weeping. As she wept apart, but raged and tyrannised in public, she soon made Silvertown House Silvertown Oven, especially to those who had the luck to be of her sex. Then Baker timidly remonstrated: at the first word she snapped him up and said a change would be good for both of them: he apologised; in vain: that very day she closed by letter with Dr. Wolf, who had often invited her to be his "Matron." Her motive, half hidden from herself, was to be anywhere near her favourite.

Installed at Drayton House, she waited some days, and coquetted woman-like with her own desires, then dressed neatly, but soberly, and called at Dr. Wycherley's; sent in a note explaining who she was, with a bit of soft sawder, and asked to see Alfred.

She was politely but peremptorily refused. She felt this rebuff bitterly. She went home stung and tingling to the core. But Bitters wholesome be: offended pride now allied with strong good sense to wither a wild affection; and, as it was no longer fed by the presence of its object, her wound healed, all but the occasional dull throbbing that precedes a perfect cure.

At this stage of her convalescence Dr. Wolf told her in an off-hand way that Mr. Hardie, a patient of doubtful insanity, was coming to his asylum, to be kept there by hook or by crook. (She was entirely in Wolf's confidence, and he talked of these things to her in English.) The impenetrable creature assented outwardly, with no sign of emotion whatever, but one flash of the eye, and one heave of the bosom swiftly suppressed. She waited calmly and patiently till she was alone; then yielded to joy and triumph; they seemed to leap inside her. But this very thing alarmed her. "Better for me never to see

him again," she thought. "His power over me is too terrible. Ah, good-by to the peace and comfort I have been building up! He will scatter them to the winds. He has."

She tried not to think of him too much. And, while she was so struggling, Wolf let out that Alfred was to have morphia at dinner the first day; morphia, the accursed drug with which these dark men in these dark places coax the reason away out of the head by degrees, or with a potent dose stupify the victim, then act surprise, alarm; and make his stupor the ground for applying medical treatment to the doomed wretch. Edith Archbold knew the game, and at the word morphia Pity and Passion rose in her bosom irresistible. She smiled in Dr. Wolf's face, and hated him; and secretly girt herself up to baffle him, and protect Alfred's reason, and win his heart through his gratitude.

She received him as I have related, to throw dust in Dr. Wolf's eyes: but she acted so admirably that some went into Alfred's. "Ah," thought he, "she is angry with herself for her amorous folly; and, with the justice of her sex, she means to spite poor me for it." He sighed; for he felt her hostility would be fatal to him. To give her no fresh offence, he fell into her manner, and treated her with a world of distant respect. Then again, who else but she could have warned him against poison? Then again, if so, why look so cold and stern at him? He cast one or two wistful glances at her; but the artful woman of thirty was impenetrable in public to the candid man of twenty-one. Even her passion could not put them on an equality.

That night he could not sleep. He lay wondering what would be the next foul practice, and how he should parry it.

He wrote next morning to the Commissioners that two of their number, unacquainted with the previous proceedings of the Board, had been surprised into endorsing an order of transfer to an asylum bearing a very inferior character to Dr. Wycherley's; the object of this was clearly foul play. Accordingly, Dr. Wolf had already tried to poison his reason, by drugging his beer at dinner. He added that Dr. Wycherley had now signed a certificate of his sanity, and implored the Board to inspect it, and discharge him at once, or else let a solicitor visit him at once, and take the requisite steps towards a public inquiry.

While waiting anxiously for the answer, it cost him all his philosophy to keep his heart from eating itself. But he fought the good fight of Reason: he invited the confidences of the quieter mad people, and established a little court, and heard their grievances, and by impartial decisions and good humour won the regard of the moderate patients, and of the attendants, all but three; Rooke, the head keeper, a morose burly ruffian; Hayes, a bilious subordinate, Rooke's shadow; and Vulcan, a huge mastiff that would let nobody but Rooke touch him; he was big as a large calf, and formidable as a small lion, though nearly toothless with age. He was let loose in the yard at night, and was an element in the Restraint System; many a patient would have tried to escape but for Vulcan. He was also an invaluable howler at night, and so co-operated with Dr. Wolf's bugs and fleas to avert sleep, that vile foe to insanity and all our diseases, private asylums included.

Alfred treated Mrs. Archbold with a distant respect that tried her hard. But that able woman wore sweetness and unobtrusive kindness, and bided her time. At last he gave her an opportunity, and it will be seen whether she took it.

In Drayton House the keepers eclipsed the keepers in cruelty to the poorer patients. No men except Dr. Wolf and his assistant had a pass-key into their department, so there was nobody they could deceive, nobody they held worth the trouble. In the absence of male critics they showed their real selves, and how wise it is to trust that gentle sex in the dark with irresponsible power over females. With unflagging patience they applied the hourly torture of petty insolence, needless humiliation, unreasonable refusals, to the poor madwomen; bored them with the poisoned gimlet, and made their hearts bleeding pineushions. But minute cruelty and wild caprice were not enough for them, though these never tired nor rested; they must vilify them too with degrading and savage names. Billingsgate might have gone to school to Drayton House. Inter alia they seemed in love with a term that Othello hit upon; only they used it not once, but fifty times a day, and struck decent women with it on the face, like a scorpion whip; and then the scalding tears were sure to run in torrents adown their silly, honest, burning cheeks. But this was not all; they had got a large tank in a flagged room, nominally for cleanliness and cure, but really for bane and torture. For the least offence, or out of mere wantonness, they would drag a patient stark naked across the yard, and thrust her bodily under water again and again, keeping her down till almost gone with suffocation, and dismissing her more dead than alive with obscene and insulting comments ringing in her ears, to get warm again in the cold. This my ladies called "tanking."

In the ordinary morning ablutions they tanked without suffocating. But the immersion of the whole body in cold water was of itself a severe trial to those numerous patients in whom the

circulation was weak; and, as medical treatment, hurtful and even dangerous. Finally these keepers, with diabolical insolence and cruelty, would bathe twenty patients in this tank, and then make them drink that foul water for their meals.

"The dark places of the land are full of horrible cruelty."

One day they tanked so savagely that Nurse Eliza, after months of sickly disapproval, came to the new redresser of grievances, and told.

What was he to do? He seized the only chance of redress; he ran panting with indignation to Mrs. Archbold, and blushing high, said imploringly, "Oh, Mrs. Archbold, you used to be kind hearted—" and could say no more for something rising in his throat.

Mrs. Archbold smiled encouragingly on him, and said softly, "I am the same I always was—to you, Alfred."

"Oh, thank you; then pray send for Nurse Eliza, and hear the cruelties that are being done to the patients within a yard of us."

"You had better tell me yourself, if you want me to pay any attention."

"I can't. I don't know how to speak to a lady of such things as are done here. The brutes! the cowardly she-devils! Oh, how I should like to kill them."

Mrs. Archbold laughed a little at his enthusiasm (fancy caring so what was done to a pack of women), and sent for Nurse Eliza. She came, and being questioned told Mrs. Archbold more than she had Alfred. "And, ma'am," said she, whimpering, "they have just been tanking one they had no business to touch; it is Mrs. Dale, her that is so close on her confinement. They tanked her cruel they did, and kept her under water till she was nigh gone. I came away; I couldn't stand it."

Alfred was walking about in a fury, and Nurse Eliza, in making this last revolting communication, lowered her voice for him not to hear; but his senses were quick. I think he heard, for he turned and came quickly to them.

"Mrs. Archbold, you are strong and brave—for a woman; oh, do go in to them and take them by the throat and shake the life out of them, the merciless, cowardly beasts! Oh that I could be a woman for an hour, or they could be men, I'd soon have my foot on some of the wretches."

Mrs. Archbold acted Ignition. "Come with me both of you," she said, and they were soon in the female department. Up came keepers directly, snirking and curtsying to her, and pretending not to look at Adonis. "Which of you nurses tanked Mrs. Dale?" said she, sternly.

"'Twasn't I, ma'am, 'twasn't I."

"Oh fie!" said Eliza to one, "you know you were at the head of it."

She pointed out two as the leaders. The Archbold instantly had them seized by the others—who, with treachery equal to their cowardice, turned eagerly against their fellow-culprits, to

make friends with Power—and inviting all the sensible maniacs who had been tanked, to assist or inspect, she bared her own statuesque arms, and, ably aided, soon plunged the offenders, screaming, crying, and whining, like spaniel bitches whipped, under the dirty water. They swallowed some, and appreciated their own acts. Then she forced them to walk twice round the yard with their wet clothes clinging to them, hooted by the late victims.

"There," said Alfred, "let that teach you men will not own hyænas in petticoats for women."

Poor Alfred took all the credit of this performance; but in fact, when the Archbold invited him to bear a hand, he showed the white feather.

"I won't touch the blackguardesses," said he, haughtily, turning it off on the score of contempt. "You give it them! Again! again! Brava!"

Mosaic retribution completed, Mrs. Archbold told the nurses if ever "tanking" recurred she would bundle the whole female staff into the street, and then have them indicted by the Commissioners.

These virtuous acts did Edith Archbold for love for a young man. Whether mad women or sane women pregnant, or the reverse, were tanked or not, she cared at heart no more than whether sheep were washed or no in Ettrick's distant dale. She was retiring with a tender look at Alfred, and her pulse secretly unaccelerated by sheep-washing of she-wolves, when her grateful favourite appealed to her again:

"Dear Mrs. Archbold, shall we punish and not comfort? This poor Mrs. Dale!"

The Archbold could have boxed his ears. "Dear boy," she murmured tenderly, "you teach us all our duty." She visited the tanked one, found her in a cold room after it, shivering like ague, and her teeth chattering. Mrs. Archbold had her to the fire, and got her warm clothes, and a pint of wine, and probably saved her life and her child's—for love of a young man.

Why I think Mrs. Dale would otherwise have left this shifting scene, Mrs. Carey, the last woman in her condition they tanked and then turned into a flagged cell that only wanted one frog of a grotto, was found soon after moribund; on which they bundled her out of the asylum to die. She did die next day, at home, but murdered by the asylum; and they told the Commissioners she died through her friends taking her away from the asylum too soon. The Commissioners had nothing to do but believe this, and did believe it. Inspectors, who visit a temple of darkness, lies, cunning, and hypocrisy, four times a year, know mighty little of what goes on there the odd three hundred and sixty-one days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and fifty-seven seconds.*

"Now, Alfred," said Mrs. Archbold, "I can't be everywhere, or know everything; so you come

to me when anything grieves you; and let me be the agent of your humanity."

She said this so charmingly he was surprised into kissing her fair hand; then blushed, and thanked her warmly. Thus she established a chain between them. When he let too long elapse without appealing to her, she would ask his advice about the welfare of this or that patient; and so she cajoled him by the two foibles she had discerned in him—his vanity and his humanity.

Besides Alfred, there were two patients in Drayton House who had never been insane; a young man, and an old woman; of whom anon. There were also three ladies and one gentleman, who had been deranged, but had recovered years ago. This little incident, Recovery, is followed in a public asylum by instant discharge; but, in a private one, Money, not Sanity, is apt to settle the question of egress. The gentleman's case was scarce credible in the nineteenth century: years ago, being undeniably cracked, he had done what Dr. Wycherley told Alfred was a sure sign of sanity; i.e. he had declared himself insane: and had even been so reasonable as to sign his own order and certificates, and so imprison himself illegally, but with perfect ease; no remonstrance against that illegality from the guardians of the law! When he got what plain men call sane, he naturally wanted to be free, and happening to remember he alone had signed the order of imprisonment, and the imaginary doctor's certificates, he claimed his discharge from illegal confinement. Answer: "First obtain a legal order for your discharge." On this he signed an order for his discharge. "That is not a legal order." "It is as legal as the order on which I am here." Granted; but, legally or not, the asylum has got you; the open air has not got you. Possession is ninety-nine points of Lunacy law. Die your own illegal prisoner, and let your kinsfolk eat your land, and drink your consols, and bury you in a pauper's shroud. All that Alfred could do for these victims was to promise to try and get them out some day, D.V. But there was a weak-minded youth, Francis Beverley, who had the honour to be under the protection of the Lord Chancellor. Now a lunatic or a Softy protected by that functionary is literally a lamb protected by a wolf, and that wolf ex-officio the cruellest cunningest old mangler and fleecer of innocents in Christendom. Chancery lunatics are the richest class, yet numbers of them are flung among pauper and even criminal lunatics, at a few pounds a year, while their committees bag four-fifths of the money that has been assigned to keep the patient in comfort.

Unfortunately the protection of the Chancellor extends to Life and Reason, as well as Fleeced; with the following result:

In public asylums about forty per cent are said to be cured.

In private ones twenty-five per cent at least; most of them poorish.

Of Chancery Lunatics not five per cent.

* Arithmetic of my boyhood. I hear the world revolves some minutes quicker now.

Finally, one-third of all the Chancery Lunatics do every six years exchange the living tombs they are fleeced and bullied in for dead tombs, where they rest; and go from the sham protection of the Lord Chancellor of England to the real protection of their Creator and their judge.

These statistics have been long before the world, and are dead figures to the Skimmer of things, but tell a dark tale to the Reader of things: so dark, that I pray Heaven to protect me, and all other weak inoffensive persons, from the protection of my Lord Chancellor in this kind.

Beverley was so unfortunate as to exist before the date of the above petition; and suffered the consequences.

He was an aristocrat by birth, noble on both sides of his house, and unluckily had money. But for that he would have been a labouring man, and free. My Lord Protector committed him with six hundred pounds a year maintenance money to the care of his committee, the Honourable Fynes Beverley.

Now this corporate, yet honourable, individual, to whom something was committed, and so Chancery-lane called him in its own sweet French the thing committed, was a gentleman of birth, breeding, and intelligence. He undertook to take care of his simple cousin: and what he did take care of was himself.

THE SUB-LETTING SWINDLE.

1. The Honourable Fynes Beverley, Anglo-French committee, or crown tenant, sub-let soft Francis for 300*l.* a year, pocketed 300*l.*, and washed his hands of Frank.

2. Mr. Heselden, the sub-tenant, sub-let the Softy of high degree for 150*l.*, pocketed the surplus, and washed his hands of him.

3. The 150*l.* man sub-let him to Dr. Wolf at 60*l.* a year, pouched the surplus, and washed his hands of him.

And now what on earth was left for poor Dr. Wolf to do? Could he sub-embezzle a Highlander's breeks? Could he subtract more than her skin from off the singed cat? Could he peel the core of a rotten apple? Could he pare a grated cheese rind? Could he flay a skinned flint? Could he fleece a hog just after Satan had shaved it as clean as a bantam's egg?

Let no man dare to limit genius; least of all the genius of extortion.

Dr. Wolf screwed comparatively more out of young Frank than did any of the preceding screws. He turned him into a servant of all work and half starved him: money profit, 45*l.* out of the 60*l.*, or three-fourths, whereas the others had only bagged one-half. But by this means he got a good servant without wages, and on half a servant's food, clearing 22*l.* and 12*l.* in these two items.

Victim of our great national vice and foible Vicariousness, this scion of a noble house, protected in theory by the Crown, vicariously sub-protected by the Chancellor, sub-vicariously sub-

sham-protected by his kin, was really flung unprotected into the fleece market, and might be seen—at the end of the long chain of subs, pros, vices, locos, shams, shuffles, swindles, and lies—shaking the carpets, making the beds, carrying the water, sweeping the rooms, and scouring the sordid vessels, of thirty patients in Drayton House, not one of whom was his equal either in birth or wealth; and of four menials, who were all his masters and hard ones. His work was always doing, never done. He was not the least mad nor bad, but merely of feeble intellect all round. Fifty thousand gentlemen's families would have been glad of him at 300*l.* a year, and made a son and a brother of him. But he was under the protection of the Lord Chancellor. Thin, half-starved, threadbare, out at elbows, the universal butt, scoffed at by the very lunatics, and especially ill treated by the attendants whose work he did gratis, he was sworn at, jeered, insulted, cuffed, and even kicked, every day of his hard, hard life. And yet he was a gentleman, though a soft one; his hands, his features, his carriage, his address, had all an indefinable stamp of race. How had it outlived such crushing, degrading usage? I don't know, Charles; how does a daisy survive the iron roller? Alfred soon found him out, and, to everybody's amazement, especially Frank's, remonstrated gently but resolutely and eloquently, and soon convinced the majority, sane and insane, that a creature so meek and useful merited especial kindness, not cruelty. One keeper, The Robin, alias Tom Wales, an ex-prizefighter, was a warm convert to this view. Among the maniacs only one held out, and said contemptuously he couldn't see it.

"Well," said Alfred, "lay a finger on him after this, and I'll lay a hand on you, and aid your intellectual vision."

Rooke and Hayes treated remonstrance with open and galling contempt. Yet the tide of opinion changed so, they did not care to defy it openly: but they bullied poor Beverley now and then on the sly, and he never told. He was too inoffensive for this world. But one day, as Alfred was sitting with his door ajar, writing a letter of earnest expostulation to the Commissioners, who had left his first unanswered, he heard Hayes at the head of the stairs call roughly "Frank! Frank!"

"Sir," replied the soft little voice of young Beverley.

"Come, be quick young shaver."

"I'm coming sir," and up ran Beverley.

"Here take this tray down stairs."

"Yes, sir."

"Stop, there's a bit of bread for you." And Hayes chucked him a crust, as one throws it to another man's dog.

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Beverley, stooping down for it, and being habitually as hungry as a ratecatcher's tyke, took an eager bite in that position.

"How dare you eat it there," said Hayes brutally: "take it to your own crib: come,

mizzle." And with that lent him a contemptuous kick behind, which owing to his position sent him off his balance flat on the tray; a glass broke under him; poor young Mr. Beverley uttered a cry of dismay, for he knew Hayes would not own himself the cause; Hayes cursed him for an awkward idiot, and the oath went off into a howl, for Alfred ran out at him brimful of Moses, and with a savage kick in the back and blow on the neck administered simultaneously hurled him headforemost down the stairs. Alighting on the seventh step, he turned a somersault, and bounded like a ball on to the landing below, and there lay stupefied. He picked himself up by slow degrees, and glared round with speechless awe and amazement up at the human thunder-bolt, that had shot out on him and sent him flying like a feather. He shook his fist, and limped silently away all bruises and curses, to tell Rooke, and concert vengeance. Alfred, trembling still with ire, took Beverley to his room (the boy was as white as a sheet), and encouraged him, and made him wash properly, brushed his hair, dressed him in a decent tweed suit he had outgrown, and taking him under his arm, and walking with his own nose haughtily in the air, paraded him up and down the asylum, to show them all the best man in the house respected the poor soft gentleman. Ah what a grand thing it is to be young! Beverley clung to his protector too much like a girl, but walked gracefully and kept step, and every now and then looked up at Alfred with a loving adoration, that was sweet yet sad to see. Alfred marched him to Mrs. Archbold, and told his tale; for he knew Hayes would misrepresent it, and get him into trouble. She smiled on the pair; gently deplored her favourite's impetuosity, entreated him not to go fighting with that great monster Rooke, and charmed him by saying, "Well, and Frank is a gentleman, when he is dressed like one."

"Isn't he," said Alfred eagerly. "And whose fault is it he is not always dressed like one? Whose fault that here's an earl's nephew Boots in Hell?"

"Not yours, Alfred, nor mine," was the honeyed reply.

In vain did Mr. Hayes prefer his complaint to Dr. Wolf. The Archbold had been before him, and the answer was, "Served you right."

These and many other good deeds did Alfred Hardie in Drayton House. But, as the days rolled on, and no answer came from the Commissioners, his own anxiety, grief, and dismay, left him less and less able to sympathise with the material but smaller wrongs around him. He became silent, dejected.

At last he came to Mrs. Archbold, and said sternly his letters to the Commissioners were intercepted.

"I can't believe that," said she. "It is against the law."

So it was: but law and custom are two.

"I am sure of it," said he; "and may the eternal curse of Heaven light on the cowardly

traitor and miscreant who has done it. And he stalked gloomily away.

When he left her, she sighed at this imprecation from his lips; but did not repent. "I can't part with him," she said despairingly; "and, if I did not stop his poor dear letters, Wolf would:" and the amorous crocodile shed a tear, and persisted in her double-faced course.

By-and-by, when she saw him getting thinner and paler, and his bright face downcast and inexpressibly sad, she shared his misery; ay, shed scalding tears for him; yet could not give him up; for her will was as strong as the rest of her was supple: and hers was hot love, but not true love like Julia's.

Perhaps a very subtle observer seeing this man and woman wax pale and spiritless together in one house, might have divined her secret. Dr. Wolf then was no such observer, for she made him believe she had a rising penchant for him. He really had a strong one for her.

While Alfred's visible misery pulled at her heart-strings, and sometimes irritated, sometimes melted her, came curious complications; one of which requires preface.

Mrs. Dodd then was not the wife to trust blindly where her poor husband was concerned; she bribed so well that a keeperess in David's first asylum told her David had been harshly used by an attendant. She instantly got Eve Dodd to take him away: and transfer him to a small asylum nearer London, and kept by a Mrs. Ellis. "Women are not cruel to men," said the sagacious Lucy Dodd.

But, alas! if women are not cruel where sex comes in and mimics that wider sentiment Humanity, women are deadly economical. Largely gifted with that household virtue, Mrs. Ellis kept too few servants, and, sure consequence in a madhouse, too many strait-jackets, hobbles, muffs, leg-locks, body-belts, &c. &c. Hence half her patients were frequently kept out of harm's way by cruel restraints administered not out of hearty cruelty, but female parsimony. Mrs. and Miss Dodd invaded the house one day when the fair economist was out, and found seven patients out of the twelve kept out of mischief thus: one in a restraint chair, two hobbled like asses, two chained like dogs, and two in strait-waistcoats, and fastened to beds by webbing and straps; amongst the latter David, though quiet as a lamb.

Mrs. Dodd cried over him as if her heart would break, and made Miss Dodd shift him to a large asylum, where I believe he was very well used. But here those dreadful newspapers interfered; a prying into sweet secluded spots. They diversified Mrs. Dodd's breakfast by informing her that the doctor of this asylum had just killed a patient; the mode of execution bloodless and sure, as became fair science. It was a man between sixty and seventy; an age at which the heart can seldom stand very much shocking, or lowering, especially where the brain is diseased. So they placed him in a shower-bath, narrow

enough to impede respiration, without the falling water, which of necessity drives out air. In short, a vertical box with holes all round the top.

Here the doctor ordered him a cold shower-bath of unparalleled duration; half an hour. To be followed by an unprecedented dose of tartar emetic. This double-barrelled order given, the doctor went away. (Formula.)

The water was down to forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Half an hour's shower-bath at that temperature in a roomy bath would kill the youngest and strongest man in her Majesty's dominions.

For eight-and-twenty mortal minutes the poor old man stood in this vertical coffin under this cold cascade. Six hundred gallons of icy water were in that his last hour, his last half-hour, discharged upon his devoted head and doomed body.

* He had to be helped away from this death-torrent he had walked into in high spirits, poor soul.

Even this change awakened no misgivings, no remorse; though you or I, or any man or woman picked at hazard out of the streets, would at once have seen that he was dying, he was duly dosed by the fire with four spoonfuls of antimonial tincture—to make sicker. But even the "Destructive Art of Healing" cannot slay the slain. The old man cheated the emetic; for, before it could hurt him, he died of the bath; and his body told its own sad tale; to use the words of a medical eye-witness, it was "A PIECE OF ALABASTER." The death-torrent had driven the whole circulation from the surface.*

Mrs. Dodd was terrified, and, in spite of Sampson's assurance that this was the asylum of all others they would not settle another patient in until the matter should have blown over, got Eve Dodd to write to Dr. Wolf, and offer 300*l.* a year if he would take David at once, and treat him with especial consideration.

He showed this letter triumphantly to Mrs. Archbold, and she, blinded for a moment by feeling, dissuaded him from receiving Captain Dodd. He stared at her. "What, turn away a couple of thousand pounds?"

"But they will come to visit him; and perhaps see him."

"Oh, that can be managed. You must be on

* This mode of execution is well known in the United States. They settle refractory prisoners with it periodically. But half an hour is not needed; twenty minutes will do the trick. Harper's Weekly, a year or two ago, contained an admirable woodcut of a negro's execution by water. In this remarkable picture you see the poor darkie seated powerless, howling and panting his life away under the deadly cascade: and there stands the stolid turnkey, erect, formal, stiff as a ramrod, pulling the deadly string with a sort of drill exercise air, and no more compunction nor reflection, than if he himself was a machine constructed to pull strings or triggers on his own string being pulled by butcher or fool. A picture well studied, and so worth study.

your guard: and I'll warn Rooke. I can't turn away money—on a chance."

One day Alfred found himself locked into his room. This was unusual: for, though they called him a lunatic in words, they called him sane by all their acts. He half suspected that the Commissioners were in the house.

Had he known who really was in the house, he would have beaten himself to pieces against the door.

At dinner there was a new patient, very mild and silent, with a beautiful large brown eye, like some gentle animal's.

Alfred was very much struck with this eye, and contrived to say a kind word to him after dinner. Finding himself addressed by a gentleman, the new comer handled his forelock, and made a sea scrape, and announced himself as William Thompson; he added with simple pride, "Able Seaman;" then, touching his forelock again, "Just come aboard, your honour." After this, which came off glibly, he was anything but communicative. However, Alfred contrived to extract from him that he was rather glad to leave his last ship, on account of having been constantly impeded there in his duties by a set of lubbers, that clung round him and kept him on deck whenever the first lieutenant ordered him into the top.

The very next day, pacing sadly the dull gravel of his prison yard, Alfred heard a row; and there was the able seaman struggling with the Robin and two other keepers: he wanted to go to his duties in the foretop: to wit the fork of a high elm-tree in the court-yard. Alfred had half a mind not to interfere. "Who cares for *my* misery?" he said. But his better nature prevailed, and he told the Robin he was sure going up imaginary rigging would do Thompson more good than harm.

On this the men reluctantly gave him a trial, and he went up the tree with wonderful strength and agility, but evident caution. Still Alfred quaked when he crossed his thighs tight over a limb of the tree forty feet from earth, and went carefully and minutely through the whole process of furling imaginary sails. However, he came down manifestly soothed by the performance, and, singular phenomenon, he was quite cool; and it was the spectators on deck who perished.

"And what a pleasant voice he has," said Alfred; "it quite charms my ear: it is not like a mad voice. It is like—I'm mad myself."

"And he has got a fiddle, and plays it like a hangel, by all accounts," said the Robin; "only he won't touch it but when he has a mind."

At night Alfred dreamed he heard Julia's sweet, mellow voice speaking to him; and he looked, and lo! it was the able seaman. He could sleep no more, but lay sighing.

Ere the able seaman had been there three days, Mrs. Dodd came unexpectedly to see him: and it was with the utmost difficulty Alfred was smuggled out of the way. Mrs. Archbold saw

by her loving anxiety these visits would be frequent, and, unless Alfred was kept constantly locked up, which was repugnant to her, they would meet some day. She knew there are men who ply the trade of spies, and where to find them; she set one of them to watch Mrs. Dodd's house, and learn her habits, in hopes of getting some clue as to when she might be expected.

Now it so happened that looking for one thing she found another which gave her great hopes and courage. And then the sight of Alfred's misery tried her patience, and then he was beginning half to suspect her of stopping his letters. Passion, impatience, pity, and calculation, all drove her the same road, and led to an extraordinary scene, so impregnated with the genius of the madhouse—a place where the passions run out to the very end of their tether—that I feel little able to describe it; I will try and indicate it.

One fine Sunday afternoon then she asked Alfred languidly would he like to walk in the country.

"Would I like? Ah, don't trifle with a prisoner," said he sorrowfully.

She shook her head. "No, no, it will not be a happy walk; Rooke, who hates you, is to follow us with that terrible mastiff, to pull you down if you try to escape. I could not get Dr. Wolf to consent on any other terms; Alfred, let us give up the idea. I fear your rashness."

"No, no, I won't try to escape—from you. I have not seen a blade of grass this six months."

The accomplished dissembler hesitated, yielded. They passed through the yard and out at the back door, which Alfred had so often looked wistfully at; and by-and-by reached a delicious pasture; a light golden haze streamed across it; Nature never seemed so sweet, so divine, to Alfred before; the sun as bright as midsummer, though not the least hot, the air fresh, yet genial, and perfumed with Liberty and the smaller flowers of earth; Beauty glided rustling by his side, and dark eyes subdued their native fire into softness whenever they turned on him; and scarce fifty yards in the rear hung a bully and a mastiff ready to tear him down if he should break away from beauty's light hand, that rested so timidly on his. He was young, and stout-hearted, and relished his peep of liberty and nature, though blotted by Vulcan and Rooke. He chatted to Mrs. Archbold in good spirits. She answered briefly, and listlessly.

At last she stopped under a young chesnut-tree as if overcome with a sudden reflection, and turning half away from him leaned her head and hand upon a bough and sighed. The attitude was pensive and womanly. He asked her with innocent concern what was the matter; then faintly should he take her home. All her answer was to press his hand with hers that was disengaged, and, instead of sighing, to cry.

The novice in woman's wiles set himself to comfort her—in vain: to question her—in vain at first, but by degrees she allowed him to learn that it was for him she mourned; and so they

proceeded on the old, old plan, the man extorting from the woman bit by bit just so much as she wanted all along to say, and would have poured in a stream if let quite alone.

He drew from his distressed friend that Dr. Wolf for reasons of his own had made special inquiries about the Dodds; that she had fortunately or unfortunately heard of this, and had questioned the person employed, hoping to hear something that might comfort Alfred. "Instead of that," said she, "I find Miss Dodd is like most girls; out of sight is out of mind with her."

"What do you mean?" said Alfred, trembling suddenly.

"Do not ask me. What a weak fool I was to let you see I was unhappy for you."

"The truth is the truth," gasped Alfred: "tell me at once."

"Must I? I am afraid you will hate me; for I should hate any one who told me your faults. Well, then—if I must—Miss Dodd has a beau."

"It is a lie!" cried Alfred furiously.

"I wish it was. But she has two in fact, both of them clergymen; however, one seems the favourite; at least they are engaged to be married; it is Mr. Hurd, the curate of the parish she lives in. By what I hear she is one of the religious ones: so perhaps that has brought the pair to an understanding."

At these words a cold sickness rushed all over Alfred, beginning at his heart. He stood white and stupefied a moment: then, in the anguish of his heart, broke out into a great and terrible cry: it was like a young lion wounded with a poisoned shaft.

Then he was silent, and stood stock still, like petrified despair.

Mrs. Archbold was prepared for an outburst: but not of this kind. His anguish was so unlike a woman's that it staggered her. Her good and bad angels, to use an expressive though somewhat too poetical phrase, battled for her. She had an impulse to earn his gratitude for life, to let him out of the asylum ere Julia should be Mrs. Hurd, and even liberty came too late for true love. She looked again at the statue of grief by her side: and burst out crying in earnest.

This was unfortunate. Shallow pity exuding in salt water leaves not enough behind to gush forth in good deeds.

She only tried to undo her own work in part; to comfort him a little with common-places: she told him in a soothing whisper there were other women in the world besides this inconstant girl, others who could love him as he deserved.

He made no answer to all she could say, but just waved his hand once impatiently. Petty consolation seemed to sting him.

Then she began to feel impatient, angry. "How he clings to that fickle girl," she said. "I might as well make love to a stone."

Then they stood both of them apart in sombre silence awhile.

Her mood changed; she moved noiselessly towards him, and, standing half behind him, laid

her hand softly on his shoulder, and poured hot passion in his ear. "Alfred," she murmured, "we are both unhappy; let us comfort one another. I had pity on you at Silverton House, I pity you now: pity me a little in turn; take me out of this dreadful house, out of this revolting life, and let me be with you. Let me be your housekeeper, your servant, your slave. This news that has shocked you so has torn the veil from my eyes; I thought I had cooled my love down to friendship and tender esteem; but no, now I see you as unhappy as myself, now I can speak and wrong no one, I own I—oh Alfred my heart burns for you, bleeds for you, yearns for you, sickens for you, dies for you."

"Oh, hush! hush! Mrs. Archbold. You are saying things you will blush for the next moment."

"I blush now, but cannot hush; I have gone too far. And your happiness as well as mine is at stake. No young girl can understand or value such a man as you are: but I, like you, have suffered; I, like you, am constant; I, like you, am warm and tender; at my age a woman's love is bliss to him who can gain it; and I love you with all my soul, Alfred; I worship the ground you walk on, my sweet, sweet boy. Say you the word, dearest, and I will bribe the servants, and get the keys, and sacrifice my profession for ever to give you liberty (see how sweet the open face of nature is, sweeter than anything on earth, but love); and all I ask is a little, little of your heart in return. Give me a chance to make you mine for ever; and, if I fail, treat me as I shall deserve; desert me at once; and then I'll never reproach you; I'll only die for you; as I have lived for you ever since I first saw your heavenly face."

The passionate woman paused at last, but her hot cheek and heaving bosom and tender convulsive hand prolonged the pleading.

I am afraid few men of her own age would have resisted her, for voice and speech and all were burning, melting, and winning: and then, so reasonable, lads; she did not stipulate for constancy.

But Alfred turned round to her blushing and sorrowful. "For shame!" he said; "this is not love: you abuse that sacred word. Indeed, if you had ever really loved, you would have pitied me and Julia long ago, and respected our love; and saved us by giving me my freedom long ago. I am not a fool: do you think I don't know that you are my jailer, and the cunningest and most dangerous of them all?"

"You ungrateful wretch," she sobbed.

"No; I am not ungrateful either," said he, more gently. "You have always come between me and that kind of torture which most terrifies vulgar souls; and I thank you for it. Only, if you had also pitied the deeper anguish of my heart, I should thank you more still. As it is, I forgive you for the share you have had in blasting my happiness for life; and nobody shall ever know what you have been mad enough in an unguarded moment to say; but for pity's sake talk no more of love, to mock my misery."

Mrs. Archbold was white with ire long before he had done this sentence. "You insolent creature," said she; "you spurn my love; you shall feel my hate."

"So I conclude," said he, coldly: "such love as yours is hard by hate."

"It is," said she: "and I know how I'll combine the two. To-day I loved you, and you spurned me; ere long you shall love me and I'll despise you; and not spurn you."

"I don't understand you," said Alfred, feeling rather uneasy.

"What," said she; "don't you see how the superior mind can fascinate the inferior? Look at Frank Beverley; how he follows you about and fawns on you, like a little dog."

"I prefer his sort of affection to yours."

"A gentleman and a man would have kept that to himself; but you are neither one nor the other; or you would have taken my offer, and then run away from me the next day, you fool. A man betrays a woman; he doesn't insult her. Ah, you admire Frank's affection; well, you shall imitate it. You couldn't love me like a man; you shall love me like a dog."

"How will you manage that, pray?" he inquired, with a sneer.

"I'll drive you mad."

She hissed this fiendish threat out between her white teeth.

"Ay, sir," she said, "hitherto your reason has only encountered men. You shall see now what an insulted woman can do. A lunatic you shall be ere long, and then I'll make you love me, dote on me, follow me about for a smile: and then I'll leave off hating you, and love you once more, but not the way I did five minutes ago."

At this depraved threat Alfred ground his teeth, and said: "Then I give you my honour that the moment I see my reason the least shaken, I'll kill you: and so save myself from the degradation of being your lover on any terms."

"Threaten your own sex with that," said the Archbold, contemptuously; "you may kill me whenever you like; and the sooner the better. Only, if you don't do it very quickly, you shall be my property; my brain-sick, love-sick, slave."

APPARITIONS.

THE aerial phenomena known as the mirage and the Fata Morgana, as well as spectral illusions arising from morbid conditions of the mind, are now classed under the term apparitions. Supernatural appearances in the air, particularly at sea, early gave rise to those superstitious which prevailed respecting phantom ships; and aerial spectres, such as those seen on the Brocken, the loftiest of the Hartz Mountains in the Hanoverian States, were long associated with the marvellous. The giant of that range is merely the image of a man on the summit, seen at sunrise, raised into gigantic proportions by reflexion from the clouds above. The traveller has even seen his own shadow, moving as a

spectre of monstrous size on the lofty granite rocks, or standing, as it were, on a large pedestal in the clouds, suddenly disappear, for the phantom is only visible when the sun is at such an altitude as to throw its rays upon the body in a horizontal direction. Germany has ever been the nursing mother of spiritual creations. Goethe selected the Hartz forest as the scene to which he represents the spirit Mephistopheles as having conducted his pupil Faustus, and the highly imaginative superstition of the Wild Huntsman originated in aerial illusions, combined with auricular deceptions, caused by the variety of sounds which arise in the dark recesses of its pathless woods and rocky cliffs. The aerial illusion of the Fata Morgana in the Straits of Mesina is supposed by the natives to be a spectacle produced by the queen of the fairies, the Morgáná La Fay, the Fairy Morgana of popular legends. Images of men and houses are seen from the coast in the air, in the water, or on its surface, and similar appearances have been observed in the narrow sea which separates the island of Rathlin from the mainland of Antrim. During the warmer period of the summer, after the sea and air have been agitated, if a calm succeeds, the spectator is astonished, as the dawn breaks, to observe the representations of scenes suspended in the air, the same object frequently presenting two appearances, one in the natural, the other in an inverted position, and often repeatedly multiplied; but imagination generally magnifies these dioptric appearances. The daylight setting in gradually produces an indistinctness of the vision, which, as the sun rises, vanishes altogether. The term mirage, now adapted into our language, was applied by the French to similar appearances witnessed by their army in Egypt; and to the weary traveller, traversing the desert and enduring the sufferings of thirst, the deceitful prospect of an aerial abundance of water presented to his eyes is a distressing delusion. The phenomena has been accounted for on the principle of two distinct strata or layers of air, the density of the lower one being diminished in the desert by its proximity to the heated sand; and over the sea, by holding in solution a larger quantity of aqueous vapour. In this state, as every variation of density occasions a deviation in their path, the rays of light do not pass freely through both media of the atmosphere, they being of different temperatures, but are broken by refraction on the verge of the horizon, and the sky itself joins in completing the illusion, its own image being sometimes reflected from the surface of the water. Humboldt describes the marvellous effects of the mirage in South America, having seen fishing-boats swimming in the air over the well-defined line of the sea, and the inverted images of horses and cows suspended above. The most remarkable phenomena of aerial images are those described by Mr. Scoresby as the enchanted islands of the Arctic regions, the general telescopic appearance of which was that of an ancient and extensive city, with ruins of castles, churches, obelisks, and

monuments. Some of the hills seemed, at least in the fervid imaginations of the spectators, to be surmounted by turrets, battlements, spires, and pinnacles, many of the objects occasionally fringed with the prismatic colours; but the whole exhibition was a grand phantasmagoria, for scarcely could any particular portion be sketched, before it changed its appearance and assumed a totally different form.

We leave to physiologists to trace the causes of spectral apparitions, but there are recorded instances of their appearance in all ages to men even of intrepid courage and of high intellectual superiority. The anticipation of a dubious battle, the uncertainty of the event, and the conviction that a disastrous result would involve his own fate, naturally conjured up to the anxious mind of Brutus, in his tent, the apparition of his former friend and patron, "the first bald Cæsar," in whose assassination he had been so active an accessory. The classic spectre that admonished "the last of the Romans" they would meet again at Philippi, probably suggested to Byron the scene in which he beautifully describes the vision of Manfred:

I see a dusk and awful figure rise,
Like an infernal god from out the earth,
His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form
Robed as with angry clouds.

Doctor John Donne, Dean of Saint Paul's, whose rough but expressive satirical rhymes even Pope condescended to retouch, accompanied Sir Robert Drury, the brother of his wife, to Paris, leaving that lady in London. Having dined together, Donne remained alone in the room; in about an hour afterwards Sir Robert entered and found his friend so altered in his countenance, as to excite amazement. To an anxious question what had befallen him in the interval, the divine replied: "I have seen a dreadful vision, I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms." "This," said the baronet, "was merely a dream; forget it, for you are now awake." Donne answered, "I cannot be more sure that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you, and am as sure that at her second appearing she stopped, looked me in the face, and vanished." The poet's biographer, old Izaak Walton, informs us that a messenger was at once despatched to Drury House, from which Drury-lane derived its name, who brought information that Mrs. Donne was very sad and sick in bed, after having given birth to a dead child on the same day, and at the same hour, that the spectral impression occurred.

In his graphic historical description of the assassination plot against the life of William the Third, Lord Macaulay introduces as a prominent character, a Roman Catholic officer of the name of Thomas Pendergrass, who in a Jacobite insurrection to restore the exiled Stuarts would probably have been foremost, but who shrunk with horror from a wicked and shameful deed. The plot was frustrated by the disclosures he then made, and

Sir John Friend, with his accomplices, forfeited their guilty lives on the scaffold. The name was subsequently changed to Prendergast, its possessor was rewarded by royal gratitude with a grant of considerable forfeited estates in Ireland, became colonel of the 22nd Regiment of Foot, and attained the rank of brigadier-general in the army of Marlborough. The general stated as certain to his companions that he would die on a particular day, the 31st of August, 1709, a day on which victory crowned the English arms on the bloody field of Malplaquet. After the battle, Prendergast was still alive, and his brother officers jeeringly inquired of him, where was his confident prediction? He gravely answered, "I shall die notwithstanding what you see!" Shortly after, a cannon-ball came from one of the enemies' batteries, which the order for the cessation of hostilities had not reached, and carried off his head. Colonel Cecil, into whose hands his papers came, found in his pocket-book the following solemn entry, "Dreamt or"—the words probably were, was told by an apparition—"Sir John Friend meets me!" The anecdote is traditional in the noble family which descended from him and inherited his estates.

The last hours of the profligate Lord Littleton, to whom a clever essayist in the *Quarterly Review* has of late years ingeniously but erroneously attributed the authorship of *Junius*, produced a deep sensation at the time, and the event was associated with the supernatural. He had dreamed that he saw a dove fluttering at his chamber window, and afterwards a female figure clothed in white appeared; the room was unusually bright, and the objects distinctly visible. The form approached his bed, and pointing to the dial of a clock on the mantelpiece, announced to the appalled and terror-stricken peer, "Prepare to die! you will cease to exist in three days!" It was midnight, his eye glanced upon the dial, the hand of which pointed to twelve o'clock; the warning spirit had disappeared, and all around was involved in darkness. The supernatural summons, calling him to an untimely tomb, produced an intense impression on his spirits, and at breakfast on the morning of the predicted day he observed, "If I live over night, I shall jockey the ghost, for this is the third day." He dined at five and retired to bed at eleven. Being afterwards about to take some rhubarb and mint-water mixed, and perceiving his valet stir the mixture with a toothpick, in an upbraiding tone he directed the servant to bring a teaspoon. On the almost immediate return of the man, he found his master quite dead, and the hand stood on the dial at twelve. The apparition had been that of a lady, whom he had betrayed and deserted; agonised at his desertion, she had committed suicide, and it was her figure that, on awaking, he had seen in the aperture of the window from which the fluttering sound had proceeded. Part of the mystery was subsequently cleared up: a lady in the house had lost a favourite bird, and all the domestics had

been engaged in a vain chase for its recovery. Consciousness of his faithless perfidy, remorse at the fate of his victim, and weariness of life from the reflection of great talents abused, had predetermined him to take poison; his mind, affected by an association of omens, had selected the hour, and thus enabled him to fulfil the anticipation of his own dream. A family picture subsequently represented the incidents of the visitation.

It was a remark of Doctor Johnson that many who had denied the belief in apparitions with their tongues, confessed it with their fears. Spectral delusions were peculiarly prevalent in England after the civil wars, and were, in a great measure, traceable to the gloomy imaginations of the Puritans. The happy and cheerful hearths in the mansions of ancient families had become dismal and desolate, and frightful tales were circulated of their Cromwellian oppressors by discarded retainers. Every rustic village had its sheeted ghost from the graveyard, and those who visited the higher orders were invariably represented as pale in colour, and of a misty or cloudy semblance. Lord Clarendon pauses in his history to inform us that the ghost of Sir George Villiers, father of the Duke of Buckingham, gave three previous warnings of his son's assassination by Felton; but, strange to say, the phantom only carried its errand to an officer of his wardrobe. Court etiquette required him, after the third visit, to request an interview, in order to communicate the information in person to the intended victim. The duke was observed to be very melancholy afterwards; but, as his father's spirit did not come directly to himself, the hint was too mysterious and remote to enable him to provide against the danger. Even in days past we have a remarkable instance of the cool common sense with which a supernatural visitor was received. The sturdy assessor to the Westminster assembly had his rest disturbed by the arch fiend, whom he treated with such sovereign contempt as must have astonished the dignity of his Satanic Majesty. Observing the devil standing on a bright night by his bedside, he considered for a while whether he should address him. This he did at length by coolly observing, "If thou hast nothing to do, I have!" so turned himself to sleep.

When the mind is loaded with a sense of guilt, reproaching voices frequently disturb the imagination. Shakespeare, the deepest observer of human nature, recalled the apparitions of his murdered victims to Richard of Gloucester, in his tent, on the feverish night he passed before he met his fate at Bosworth field:

Oh! coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me.

The solitary hours of Charles the Eleventh of France were rendered horrible by the constant repetition of the shrieks and agonies which assailed his ears during the frightful massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Terror has produced similar impressions on the timid; many witnesses, eminently trustworthy, who had survived the horrors of the Irish rebellion of 1641, solemnly

deposed to meeting the apparitions of persons who had been murdered rising and walking on the surface of the waters. Sense of deep responsibility has affected a sensitive and nervous temperament: the accoucheur on whom the duty devolved of attending the Princess Charlotte of Wales in her fatal confinement, fancied, while he hurried to his royal patient, that her figure in white preceded his carriage as it passed through the streets; a sad presage of the calamity that awaited "the fair-haired daughter of the Isles." Two young friends in France—mentioned by Saint Pierre—Bezuel and De Fontaines, the eldest, Bezuel, only fifteen years of age, bound themselves by a solemn compact—which, to render more sacred, they signed with their blood—that whoever should die first would visit the survivor. Two years afterwards, one of them was drowned in the river at Caen, and such was the influence of nervous emotion on his friend Bezuel, who suffered from fainting-fits, that he accurately described their interview on the following day. The phantom minutely detailed the particulars of his death, as well as the efforts made to save him, and although his spiritual companion was visible only to Bezuel himself, his friends heard him speaking in the manner of one who was asking and answering questions. If the fainting-fits were epileptic, celestial sights are constant attendants of that infirmity, and even syncope has been known to give rise to spectral appearances. The spirit was described as bareheaded, with his natural fine light hair, but only a half length or kateat size was visible, seemingly a frequent failing with ghosts. We read of two elderly ladies, who resided in distinct mansions at some distance from each other, and that on a formal visit paid by one of the sybils, she observed to her acquaintance, "I constantly perceive the bust of a man in my room distinctly visible down to the waist." "I," replied the other, "have the rest of him in my chamber, and I could not until this moment imagine how the head and shoulders were disposed of." We presume that the division was explained to the satisfaction of both!

A definition of dreams has long been a philosophical puzzle, but we accept that expressed in the nervous couplets of Dryden:

Dreams are the interludes which fancy makes;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes,
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A court of cobblers, or a mob of kings.

A belief in their prophetic power was universal amongst the ancients, and still to a great extent prevails, but the phantasies that pass for predictions are merely imperfect and fading recollections of previous thoughts, either hopeful or apprehensive, floating on the brain. A singular instance is recorded of a dream having been made evidence of reality on a criminal trial. A small innkeeper had dreamed that he met two men at a particular green spot on a neighbouring mountain, and that one of them murdered the other. The circumstances were so distinct

that he was affected by them, and he related the particulars next morning to his wife and to several of his neighbours. On the following day he was startled to see two strangers enter his house, one of them a small delicate person, the other strong and robust, perfect resemblances of those he had seen in his dream. Believing that the smaller man had money, and fearing that some fatality might await him, he endeavoured to dissuade him from accompanying his fellow-traveller, but the other declared that as they had long travelled together, they would not part. In the lonely spot which had appeared in the dream the delicate man was, on the same day, found dead, and his companion was at the ensuing assizes tried for the murder. The innkeeper proved that the two men had been together at his house, and he accurately described the dress of both. The prisoner, in cross-examination, shrewdly asked from the dock whether it was not strange that he who kept a public-house, frequented by many wayfaring people, should take such minute notice of two accidental strangers? The witness replied that he had a particular reason, which he was ashamed to mention. The court having required him to disclose it, he gave a circumstantial narrative of the dream, and the other persons, who before the event had heard the story from his lips, having corroborated him, the prisoner was convicted and executed.

The raising of ghosts was a favourite exploit of the necromancers of old; the fame of Torralva, the Spanish magician, has been immortalised in Don Quixote. The demons that the celebrated Italian artist, Benvenuto Cellini, describes as having seen when he got within the conjuror's circle, and which amazement magnified into several legions, are now believed to have been merely figures produced by a magic lantern; and their appearing in an atmosphere of perfumes is accounted for by the burning of odiferous woods, in order to dim the vision of the spectators. When the Emperor Charles the Fourth was married to the Bavarian Princess Sophia, in the city of Prague, the father of the bride brought with him a waggon-load of magicians to assist in the festivities. Two of the chief proficientes in the art—Zytho the Bohemian sorcerer, and Guion the Bavarian—appeared as rivals in an extraordinary trial of skill before an exalted assembly. After superhuman efforts to astonish, Zytho opened his jaws from ear to ear and swallowed his competitor until his teeth touched his shoes, which he spat out, because, he said, they had not been cleaned. The admiration of the audience was succeeded by feelings of horror, but Zytho calmed their apprehensions by restoring the abashed Guion in his perfect corporeal proportions to life—a triumph of art inexplicable except perhaps to those who have seen the Haunted Man at the Polytechnic.

We are indebted to Mr. Dircks for the modern introduction of well-dressed and well-bred ghosts, who create no alarm amongst old or young maids, so that the name will henceforth

cease to be a source of terror even to nursery children. This gentleman, perhaps unwilling to be considered the professor of an occult art, fully explained, in a paper read before the physical section of the British Association at Leeds, in 1858, his apparatus for exhibiting optical illusions of spectral phenomena. He had many years before discovered an arrangement of unsilvered glass that, by a mere darkened ground, or dark chamber behind it, answered the purposes of what is popularly termed a mirror; and having observed that an opaque body could be so placed as to represent the appearance of a transparent one, he found that the principle of his former discovery was an important element in producing the illusion. The apparatus described by Mr. Dircks was on a small scale fitted only for a private room; both mechanical skill and scientific ingenuity have been applied by Professor Pepper in adapting the principle of the discovery to a public exhibition. A vertical plate-glass partition divides the spectators from the stage, which is darkened, but a subdued light from the front is so regulated as to pass through the glass screen or partition, which enables the figure of the person on the stage to be visible. The ghost, or apparition, is simply the reflexion in the same glass partition of a person in a compartment beneath the stage, placed at an angle below the line of vision, and so contrived that the reflected figure is thrown up through an aperture in the floor left for the purpose, to a level with the person on the stage. A strong lime-light produced in a concealed chamber is cast from behind upon the person whose figure as well as movements are intended to be reflected. The intensity of this brilliant illumination heightens the effect of the reflexion, rendering the visionary figure complete; but when the lime-light is shut off, the reflexion becomes so indistinct as to be invisible to the spectators. The mind imagines that both images are equally material so long as the illusion is undisturbed; the solid and visionary figures may be brought side by side, one may even pass through or envelop the other—and the dramatic effect admits of many variations—but it is a popular error to suppose that looking-glasses are employed, the plate-glass being the transparent medium through which the objects are seen, as well as the reflecting or mirror surface which produces the illusion. It is a saying as old as the days of Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun, and the right to a patent for this process of producing ghosts has been resisted, on the part of the theatres, on the ground of want of novelty. To oppose the claim, and to prove that the magicians of old raised ghosts by a similar arrangement, the recondite volumes of Giovanni Battista Porta, a learned Neapolitan who died in 1515, and whose work on natural and artificial magic was translated and published in England in 1658, together with those of the German Jesuit Gaspar Schott, have been dragged from the dusty shelves on which they had long reposed. As the con-

troversy is becoming lively, it is not improbable that exhibitions of rival ghosts may yet disturb the gravity of our superior courts of law.

KING AND QUEEN.

1.

ARISE, and away with me,
My lady, my love, my own!
For two spirits have led me to thee,
By the light of the stars alone.

2.

For the sake of thy dear dark eyes
I have given my soul to these twain,
Who have sworn to secure me the prize
That I die if I fail to obtain:

3.

Yet they are not spirits accurst,
But each is a delicate sprite,
And Sleep is the name of the first,
And the name of the second is Night.

4.

Away, my Queen! Our horses
Are waiting for thee and for me,
More fleet than the wind in his courses,
More strong than the hurricanes be:

5.

They shall bear us, nor ever tire,
Over hollow, and hill, and stream,
For the name of the one is Desire,
And the name of the other is Dream.

6.

Away, my Queen! Be mine,
As I am all thine, dear heart!
From afar I have brought thee sweet wine
To make merry before we depart,

7.

And a harp that all night to my lay
Maketh melody loud and low,
For music along the way,
Since we have yet far to go;

8.

The harp is of delicate fashion;
The wine is tender and bright;
The name of the wine is Passion,
The name of the harp is Delight.

9.

On the strand I have anchor'd my boat;
It is builded to live in all seas;
We have only to set it afloat,
It will bear us wherever we please;

10.

For so light is the bark that, in sooth,
'Twill not sink, tho' we load it with treasures,
And the name of the helmsman is Youth,
And the crew that sail with him are Pleasures.

11.

But linger not now, for 'tis late,
And we have the world to go thro'
Poor world! 'tis in such a sad state,
It surely hath need of us two.

12.

Oh, the world, it shall do us sweet duty,
As royally thro' it we move;
For thou art a Queen,—thou art Beau
And I am a King,—I am Love.

13.

France, Italy, Germany, Spain:
—Shall we visit the Kaiser, our brother?
In Burgundia, Alsatia, Lorraine,
Our Barons are fighting each other.

14.

Spain, with its pale olive groves,
Germany's oak-forests brown,
France, where the Graces and Loves
For their pleasure have built Paris town.

15.

Italy, feminine fair!
Where the mountains are liquid with light,
And solid with splendour the air,
And laden with odour the night.

16.

Italy,—fairest of all!
Like that sad Trojan slave, when they bound her,
In the camp of the Greeks, mid the brawl
Of her conquerors wrangling around her:

17.

All these are, to-night, all our own:
Where shall we choose to abide?
Shall our court be in cloudy Cologne?
Or in Florence the sunny? Decide!

18.

The lord of the broad Trevisan
(With the Margrave new come to his court)
Is fighting the Duke of Milan:
Which side shall we please to support?

19.

To Innspruck the Kaiser is fled:
The Spaniard's in Naples at bay:
The people are pining for food:
The princes are prowling for prey.

20.

Sin and Satan are throwing the dice
In Rome for the old triple crown;
And meanwhile the Witch's lean mice
Have eaten her scarlet gown.

21.

There is much that needs setting to rights,
Massacre, murder, and war, . . .
But how sweet are these midsummer nights!
Shall we let things remain as they are?

22.

Yet 'tis fit that we travel in state,
Since a King and a Queen are we.
Let us scatter our largesse elate,
And be lavish as monarchs should be.

23.

Before us our herald shall go,
And all cities their gates shall set ope,
When they hear him his clarion blow,
For the name of our herald is Hope:

24.

Our almoner cometh behind,
Singing a saintly hymn,
He is gentle, and wise, and kind,
And Memory men call him:

25.

The owl in the hollow oak-tree
Is our seneschal wary and old;
The glow-worms our chamberlains be;
And our minstrels the nightingales bold;

26.

The Summer's our palace; the star
Is our throne; while, below and above,
Earth and Heaven our monarchies are;
And our wealth is immense,—for we love.

A NEW STAGE STRIDE.

It is probable that most of us who have been in the habit of going much to "the Play," have often felt it to be time that something was done to render the illusion of the stage more complete. Those who have ever sat in a stage—or even in a side box—must have over and over again felt that they could see a great deal too much of what was going on "behind." We have all of us probably felt dissatisfied with those mysterious side-scenes or wings by which the stage has hitherto been bounded on the right and left. By means of those wings the characters on the stage have up to this time been in the habit of making their entrances and exits, leaving us in an unpleasant state of uncertainty as to whether they were supposed to, walk straight through the wall of a banquetting-room—for instance—or whether the banquetting-room had been left, for the sake of ventilation, with no walls at all at the sides. By what mysterious and unaccountable exits the guests used to clear out when Lady Macbeth gave them notice to quit in the banquet scene!

And there was another defect connected with those side-scenes. It seemed impossible to get those which were not in use, at the moment, sufficiently out of the way. Thus it would continually happen that in the midst of a dark forest, a hundred miles from any human habitation, we were rendered unbelieving, and our young illusions were rudely checked, by a glimpse of a bit of pilaster with a gorgeous curtain which had figured in the palace scene a minute before, or by the merest fragment of a light-comedy breakfast-room to be revealed in all its glory in the coming farce.

And then with regard to ceilings and skies, is it not a fact that there are free-thinkers among us who have never been satisfied with those strips of canvas which, hanging in parallel lines across the top of the stage, have so long waved before the doubting eyes of many generations of play-goers? In trying *not* to think that those strips of linen were suggestive of a washing-day, in trying *not* to see those gilded bits of cornice gleaming among the trees of the forest, in resolutely ignoring the man with the paper cap and carpenter's apron, standing ready for action at the wing, we who have sat occasionally at the side of the theatre have had to put such severe restraints upon ourselves, and have altogether had to fight so furiously in resisting the testimony of our senses, that much of our pleasure and interest in the play enacting before us has been sacrificed.

In a word, there has been, up to this time, a certain roughness, a want of finish and completeness, about what may be called the boundary lines of the stage. And in these days, when in

every profession human ingenuity is racked to the utmost to satisfy the fastidiousness of a critical public, we have a right to require that the stage machinist shall not lag behind in the universal struggle after perfection.

Now, as far as this country is concerned, it must be reluctantly confessed that stage machinery has hitherto not advanced as other things have advanced; and it is, therefore, with the greater satisfaction that we now put it on record that at length a plan for working the machinery of the stage, the efficaciousness of which has been for years tested at the principal Parisian theatres, has at length found its way (with improvements suggested by experience) over here, where it seems more than probable that it will speedily become naturalised. The light of modern civilisation has at last even found its way "behind the scenes." The Spirit of Progress, a fairy, doubtless, properly attired in muslin and spangles, has descended on a certain stage not far from Wellington-street, Strand, and with one wave of her glittering wand has inaugurated a new system whose laws are dictated by Reason and Common Sense, banishing such an accumulation of obstructive conventional rubbish, that one would expect the price of firewood to be lower for months to come.

In plain English, MR. FECHTER has recently caused to be constructed in Great Britain, and out of materials supplied by the British timber-merchant, a stage upon a principle entirely different from any previously tried in this country. It is a most ingenious piece of mechanism, which astonishes you first by its apparent intricacy, and then as you pass from the examination of its various parts to the consideration of it as a whole, by its singular unity and simplicity.

As it is probable that the great proportion of the public will see nothing of this stage except the effects to be produced upon it, and will have no knowledge of the machinery by which those results are brought about, perhaps some attempt to describe it, and the manner of its working, will not be uninteresting.

The proscenium, and the row of foot-lights, technically called the "float," divide the audience part of a theatre from what may be called the actors' part. Supposing that region appropriated to spectators to be in its ordinary state, and supposing that other region behind the proscenium to be entirely empty of all fittings, gutted of stage, of scenery, and of the mechanical contrivances thereto belonging—supposing this condition of affairs, the spectator, sitting we will say in the dress circle, would see on the other side of the proscenium, a vast empty space bounded by bare walls, and he would observe, that besides being much larger in its area and extent than the audience part of the house, it was excavated downward to a depth considerably exceeding that of the floor of the stalls, while in the matter of height, he would remark that this enormous empty enclosure rose to a much greater altitude than the ceiling on the public side of the proscenium.

It is in this great empty enclosure that the manager of the Lyceum Theatre has caused to be placed a certain huge and complicated structure, which entirely fills the whole space at command, yet which has all been put together in small separate parts; and just as it has been fitted together like the pieces in a child's puzzle, so it could be taken to pieces again, and removed with perfect ease, did occasion require it. Of this structure, of course for all practical purposes the principal part is the "Stage." All that surrounds that, is subservient to it, and made to minister to it. It extends from side to side, and from end to end, of what we have called the actors' part of the theatre, and is supported by vertical pillars of timber descending to the foundations. Beneath the stage is another stage, at a distance of about seven feet, and beneath this again, at about the same distance, is the lowest floor of the theatre, or in other words the excavated ground. A great many of the effects which are got upon the stage, require this depth for their development. It is, however, between the first and second stages, between the real stage on which the play is acted, and the second stage, that the more important part of the machinery for working the scenes is to be found. This is, indeed, a very busy place, and reminds one forcibly of the "between-decks" on board ship; and here it may be remarked that all the arrangements connected with this new stage and its appliances, do continually remind one of a ship, and that but for the blessed circumstance that there is no rolling or pitching, one might almost believe, in going over the structure we are describing, that one really was enclosed within some of the wooden walls of old England. Here, are windlasses, pulleys, ropes, companion-ladders, at every turn; and the facilities afforded for knocking, first your hat, and then your head, off, serve to carry out the illusion in a manner that is truly marvellous.

We must keep at present to the main-deck—the stage that is visible to the public when a play is acted. The first thing that strikes you in examining this, is, that it is traversed completely from side to side by certain narrow slits, through which you can see down into the second stage below. There are two dozen of these slits in parallel lines. Having observed them, and wondered what they are for, you notice a number of strong upright poles rising out of the stage, where the wings are ordinarily placed; going up to one of them you see, on examination, that though it is a pole above the stage, it has a broader lower member—part and parcel of it—which descends through one of those slits already described, into the "between-decks" below. Descending a companion-ladder, you post off to see what becomes of it after it has passed through the slit, and then one glance reveals the simple plan by which the scenes are pushed backwards or forwards to their positions on the stage. That broad flat piece is received in a travelling crane below, which runs on wheels along an iron tramway, and moves so easily that a child might move it with but

little exertion. These iron tramways are laid along the floor of the second stage, exactly underneath the slits above; it will be obvious that the pole which descends through the slit may, by means of the travelling crane which runs along the tramway, be pushed to any part of the stage where it (the pole) is wanted.

Here, then, is the formidable operation of scene-shifting reduced to the most simple of proceedings. Formerly, all that will now be done under the stage was done *on* the stage. There were grooves—raised grooves on the stage—into which the scene was lifted in two halves by staggering carpenters; then other grooves descended from above, into which the tops of the two halves of the scene fitted—not without a very visible crack up the centre. The reader has often from his place at the side of the theatre seen those upper rows of grooves fall over with a flop when they were wanted. The scene at length got successfully, though not without much resistance, into these grooves, and was pushed forward noisily and awkwardly by the carpenters, and was generally successful in retaining a perpendicular position, and not showing *much* of the bare lights and general shipwreck behind. Under the new system no such pushing, struggling, splitting, and joining, will ever be beheld; and among its many advantages, one may specially be mentioned. The old necessity of having raised grooves on the stage, in which the bottom of the scene might slide, prohibited the possibility of pushing any scene or object more than a certain distance from the side. These grooves could never be carried far on to the stage, lest the actors should tumble over them. Now this is not the case, according to the new system. Slits, unlike raised grooves, can be carried completely across the stage, and, accordingly, any scene or piece of a scene can be pushed anywhere. It may be mentioned, by the way, that those slits, or portions of slits, which are not required for any particular performance, are filled up with wooden slides prepared for the purpose, so that no flaw whatever appears on the stage's surface. And while speaking of the "boards," it may also be here set down that this new stage is not cut up and disfigured by trap-doors. Owing to the numerous supports which uphold it from beneath, and which are placed at very short intervals, it has been rendered possible to divide the planking of the stage into short lengths. It is, in fact, all in pieces, perhaps six feet long by four or five wide, any one or all of which can be taken up at any moment with perfect ease: so that, in fact, there are trap-doors in every part of the stage, which are available when they are wanted, and which, when they are *not* wanted, do not appear, disfiguring the stage and impairing those illusions which we go to the play to cultivate.

And, still keeping to this question of trap-doors, it is necessary to add that, whenever such things are required under this new arrangement, their working will be greatly facilitated by the counter-weight system. Attached

to the trap will be a set of ropes, and these, passing through pulleys, will have an amount of weight attached to them exactly proportioned to that which the trap is intended to carry. Thus, supposing that a trap is to descend with a person of a certain weight standing upon it, the counter-weight attached to the ends of the cords by which the trap is lowered, will be the least bit in the world lighter than the individual to be let down, and vice versa if the individual is to be raised.

Up to this time we have, in examining this stage machinery at the Lyceum, tied ourselves, so to speak, down to earth; we have kept to the stage itself: that wonderful platform, that small epitome of the great world whereon we "play our parts." We have also taken a peep below the surface, exploring the dark places from which the bad spirits, the earth-demons, and the ghosts of the "sheeted dead" arise. It is time now that we should soar upward a little, and see what has been done in that ethereal region from which the clouds descend: the head-quarters of those more benignant spirits which counteract the workings of the demons in the cellarage.

On either side of that great enclosed space which we have called the actors' part of the theatre, standing out from the side-walls are two strongly-constructed wooden galleries, one above the other. They are raised high above the stage, high above the top of the proscenium, and are of course entirely invisible from the front of the house. As you look up at them from the stage, you observe that they traverse its whole depth from front to back; they strike you, moreover, as resembling to some extent the galleries of a Swiss chalet. Ascending a sort of well-staircase made in the wall of the theatre, you at length emerge into these galleries, and find yourself again on board ship, and surrounded by spars, ropes, and pulleys. The two galleries communicate first of all by means of the well-staircase spoken of above, for the use of land-lubbers; and also by means of short perpendicular ladders, by which daring professionals can spring up from one to the other in a cat-like manner, and in less than a quarter of the time consumed by those who go round by the stairs. Nor is this all. Numerous light plank-bridges, guarded by a handrail, and suspended from the roof of the theatre by iron rods, are carried at a height far above the ken of the audience, completely across the stage from the range of galleries on the right to those on the left, and back again. By means of these bridges and the ladders already mentioned, the quickness of communication between the different parts of the theatre is facilitated to a remarkable degree, and since of course by means of this facility of communication one individual may be in many places within a very short space of time, it follows that a much smaller staff of carpenters and scene-shifters will suffice for the working of a piece, than was required under the ancient system.

From these galleries, ranged, as has been said, high up, on each side of the stage, the

raising and lowering of such pieces of scenery as can be worked only from above, is effected with infinite ease and quickness. Those pieces which represent distance, for instance, and which close in the scenery on the stage at the back, are let down by ropes, which, after passing through pulleys, are brought to the galleries and there handled with the greatest ease by the men on duty. From these regions, too, the clouds descend, and, if necessary, the Queen of the Fairies among them: only in that case, as her majesty is less ethereal than the gauzy vapours that surround her, it will be necessary to have recourse again to that system of counter-weight which is in use everywhere in the theatre, and so to balance her gilded car as that its descent may be effected smoothly, and without any of that jerky movement which is fatal to the dignity of airy potentates. Mounting higher yet to the top of all things, called the "Grid-iron," you find yourself—still in the ship—surrounded by a prodigious array of wooden capstans, by which—to take the example just given—the descent of that gilded car containing the Fairy-Queen—yes, and a retinue of attendant sprites weighing their eight stone apiece into the bargain—is regulated inch by inch with elaborate accuracy. And here, too, is that important apparatus, by means of which, and in strict obedience to the prompter's signal, the immortal green-curtain slowly descends, and suggests to the audience that it is time to go home to bed.

It is unnecessary to speak of the carpenters' shop which is up on this high level, and extends above the pit and over the great chandelier, because that is the ordinary situation of carpenters' shops in theatres; neither is it needful—though the subject is a tempting one—to enter the painting-room where the scenes are prepared, there being no particular difference between the painting-room at the Lyceum and the same kind of studio elsewhere. The novelties connected with the Lyceum stage, the particulars in which it differs from anything of which we have any knowledge in this country, are our present subject.

At the commencement of this paper an endeavour was made to give to the reader an idea of the size of that great enclosed space on the other side of the foot-lights, in the middle of which that platform, which we call the stage, is erected; and this was done in order to show what enormous surroundings, above, below, and on either side, are needed, in order to make that comparatively small enclosure which the spectator sees, what it is every evening from seven o'clock till midnight. Beneath the stage, those two stories or floors, with their iron tramways, with carriages running along them, socketed to receive the upright pieces which hold the scenes above—on either side, those two rows of galleries, with communications between them, with bridges thrown across from one to another—over all, that great loft where the machinery for effecting all that has to be done *above* the stage, stands always ready,—these things are all needed, in

order that the scene which nightly moves the tears or laughter of the audience may be presented to the public with due effect. If there were not much higher considerations to claim our sympathy for the stage, one could hardly help respecting an entertainment, for the proper production of which so much elaborate ingenuity is indispensable.

From a description of the main structure of the new stage one may turn to a consideration of one or two details. In every part of the "behind the scenes," except, of course, the acting stage itself, the flooring is constructed somewhat on the principle observed in the Great Exhibition: a space about an inch wide being left between each of the planks and its neighbour. This materially facilitates communication between the different floors, so that when anything threatens to go wrong, or any object is wanted to make things go right, the men on duty can speak to each other instantly, instead of having to run up or down stairs in order to do so. It is possible—and this may be, under some circumstances, most desirable—to see through these apertures: so that men can work in concert at a common object, each seeing when the other is ready. It may be that light and air are diffused over these parts of the building by means of these openings, and it is certain that it will be easier to keep the place clean through their agency. The dust and dirt, of which there is a good deal "behind," will be swept through from floor to floor, and be very easily collected at the lowest point, for the benefit of the dust-contractor.

A change has been made—which will probably turn out a great improvement—in the foot-light arrangements of this theatre. These lights hitherto have been too literally *foot* lights, throwing indeed such a glare upon the feet, and lower limbs of the performers, that the upper portions of their figures suffered in consequence, and their faces were shadowed. It is to counteract this, that the float has been lowered some inches—lowered, indeed, the least in the world beneath the level of the stage, which is sloped down gradually towards the light. By this means the feet of the actors, and, indeed, the stage itself, will receive a kind of half light, and the greater blaze will be concentrated on the faces and upper extremities of the different characters whose movements and words we are observing. The view from the stalls, especially those next the stage, is also much improved. Some remarkable and patented improvements connected with the action of the float itself have also been introduced, by means of which the red or green lights can be turned on in place of what is called the ordinary daylight, or those, in turn, can be substituted for the others: the change being effected by the most delicate gradations, or in a flash, at will. Nor is it a small thing that in case of the breaking of a glass, or of its being necessary to substitute glasses of one colour for those of another, the whole float can be sunk at a moment's notice into the regions below, and the change effected without the

services of a stage-servant being called into requisition, or the audience knowing anything of what is going on.

The banishing from the boards of that abnormal personage, the stage-footman, with his red breeches and white stockings, is an improvement on which we cannot but congratulate the manager of the Lyceum Theatre. It was not pleasant to sit and watch the proceedings of these gentry during a pause in the drama, though it must be owned that they appeared to know their business better than the footmen of ordinary life. With what precision they used to place the table, on which the deed was to be signed, in its exact place; the sofa, again, never had to be removed an inch after it was once put down; the very footstools seemed to be attracted to their right places as if by magnetic force. Still, those footmen used to give one a shock, and bring one's imagination down to the realities of life whenever they appeared, and it is agreeable to think that in future their work will be accomplished by means of trap-doors and other simple contrivances.

Many beautiful and interesting effects again will no doubt be achieved on this new stage by means of what may be called "closed in" scenes. It will be possible to try such effects, not only in the case of an interior shut in above with a ceiling, but in representations of out-door scenery. It is in contemplation at this theatre to dispense entirely with the use of those horizontal strips of canvas which were alluded to somewhat disparagingly at the commencement of this notice, and which are technically called "borders," or at most only to employ them in scenes so nearly covered in with foliage that they will not appear. In open out-door scenes, where, for instance, the open country, or perhaps the open sea, extends far away into the distance, the sky will close the scene in overhead: an unbroken canopy extending from a certain point behind the proscenium and high above it, over the stage, and away to where, at the extreme backward limit of the theatre, it mingles softly with the horizon. One may, without being too sanguine, believe that this great arched canopy, spanning the stage from side to side, and from front to back, will lend itself to all sorts of beautiful and truthful effects. With trees, or rocks, or whatever else may be needed at the sides—not, indeed, pushed on in flat pieces parallel to the proscenium, like the separated joints of a screen, but planted here and there, as Nature plants, carelessly and irregularly—it will be possible so to close in an out-door scene, as that there shall be really no flaw or weak place about it, no unfinished gaps to which the scrutinising eye can wander in the confident hope of ascertaining "how the trick was done."

This personage with the scrutinising eye who is always on the look-out for loose screws, who attends places of entertainment in a spirit by no means friendly to the performance at which he has chosen to assist, but rather spitefully inimical to it; this dreadful individual will, to use

a common phrase, be utterly "done" when he visits the Theatre Royal Lyceum. It is impossible to see "off," as it is called. Our glimpses of beer-drinking, our visions of prompter's boxes, of flopping rows of grooves, of ladies waiting to go on, of seedy females holding shawls, are over, and done away with. The arrangement of the side-pieces, slanting obliquely away from the audience, and appearing to mingle together in masses rather than to stand carefully separated into regular entrances, renders it quite impossible that any member of the audience situated in any part of the house, should see anything not intended to be seen as part of the illusion. Sufficient entrances for all needful purposes are left among these side-pieces, but they are most carefully masked, and the actor is not seen—unless it is requisite that he should be seen—until he emerges clear upon the stage. As to the cunningly contrived entrances by mountain-paths and rocky descents from the back, those, the most agreeable, because the most natural of all, we may safely leave to MR. FECHTER, who, an accomplished artist as well as a fine actor, is not likely to lose sight of the picturesque in any such matters of stage-arrangement.

There are many minor advantages connected with the curious mechanical contrivances behind the Lyceum scenes, on which we might enlarge, but we must be content with a brief allusion to only one of them. That minute subdivision of this new stage into small separate pieces which has been already spoken of, has another advantage besides that of placing a prodigious number of traps at the manager's disposal. For, these subdivisions being all numbered, an accurate plan can be made of every scene, which, though temporarily put aside, may be wanted some day again. A drawing may be made, so accurate, that a set of carpenters who never were in the theatre before, could by its aid set up the scene in question at any time, exactly as it was originally, with every shrub and piece of rock-work in its place to an inch. Such drawings of all the different scenes occurring in any given play will be laid up in the archives of the theatre along with the prompt copy, and by such means the play can at any time be put on the stage again with the greatest exactness.

It is one of the privileges of success that he who attains it gains, not only advantages for himself, but confers some lasting benefit on the profession to which he belongs. He raises it a step. He infuses some new element into it. He makes some great improvement, which is soon generally adopted. The man who has only sought to distinguish himself; who has aimed alone at winning fame and fortune, but has done nothing for his profession; who has gone into it, made money and reputation by it, and come out of it, leaving it where he found it; such a man is, with reason, charged with selfishness. There is no danger of such an accusation lying at MR. FECHTER'S door; for even if he had not done what he has already done towards clearing the stage of conventionality, he would still have effected a very great

thing in being the first to set up this model stage, with all its beautiful resources and devices, within the walls of an English theatre.

SILENT HIGHWAY-MEN.

It does not require one to be much of a philosopher broadly to define that we have our partialities as well as our dislikes, and that we are generally as irrational in one as the other. As the wildest of madmen will talk with perfect sense and fluency until asked what has become of Julius Cæsar, or what soft soap is made of, when he will suddenly break out into rabid fury and incoherent bellowings, so can I listen with placid smiles to the narrated idiosyncrasies of my friends, meeting each account with placid smile or acquiescent shrug; but if by ill chance the subject of The Silent Highway be touched upon offensively, I break forth and lose my head at once. The Thames is my mania, my love for it the absorbing passion of my life. It is the only one weapon with which I beat my provincial acquaintances and foreign visitors. They come and stay with me and abuse my place of abode. The provincial says he cannot breathe, the Frenchman says he has the spleen, the German inflates his many-plaited shirt-front, and bellows, "Ach Gott! was für eine Luft!" and the Italian sighs heavily, and pantomimically searches for the sun. When I show them St. Paul's, they shrug, muttering of Notre-Dame, of the Cologne Dom, of St. Peter's at Rome, of Il Duomo at Milan; when I take them through Trafalgar-square, they roar, immediately instituting comparisons between that monstrous national disgrace and the glorious Place de la Concorde of Paris, the Unter den Linden, or the Schloss Platz of Berlin, the St. Stephen's Platz of Vienna, the Piazza di St. Pietro at Rome, the Piazza del Granduca at Florence, or the Piazza S. Marco at Venice. The Monument is a standing joke for them, and all the London statues are exquisite themes for ribaldry. They sneer at our theatres, they laugh at our church-architecture, they are impressed with nothing at all, except it be Madame Tussaud's waxwork, until I take them on the Thames. Then I hold them!

Dirty is Father Thames, I grant! thick, yellow, turbid, occasionally evil smelling; but I love him none the less. I know him where he is pure and cleanly, at near-lying Richmond and lock-bound Teddington; at decorous Hampton and quaint old-fashioned Sunbury and Chertsey; by pretty Maidenhead and quaker Staines; at Pangbourne, Goring, and Streightly, than which three there are not, I opine, any lovelier spots in this lovely country; at monastic Medmenham, and red-faced Henley, far away down to the spot where the banks echo with the time-kept strokes of the racing eight, and the river runs merrily past old Oxford town. I know him throughout; but I love him best in his own special territory, frowned upon by the great gaunt black ware-houses, the dreary river-side public-houses, the

huge brewery palaces, the shot-towers, the dock-houses, the dim grey Tower of London, the congregationless City churches, the clanging factories, the quiet Temple, the plate-glass works, the export Scotch and Irish merchants, the cheese-factors' premises, the cement wharves, the sugar consignees' counting-houses, the slimy slippery landing-places, the atmosphere of which is here sticky with molasses, there dusty with flour, and a little way further off choky with particles of floating wool. Make your embankments, if you like; lay down your level road duly granited and palisaded off from the river, and lined with buildings of equal height and of the same monotonous architecture; but, before you do that, you will have to clear away hundreds of little poky dirty streets of a peculiar speciality nowhere else to be met with—streets which are as thoroughly maritime as Hamilton Moore's Treatise on Navigation, or the bottom of a corvette that has been for three years on the West India station—streets filled with outfitters, sail-makers, ship-chandlers; bakers of ship biscuit, makers of ship chronometers, sextants, and quadrants; sellers of slop Guernseys, and pea-jackets, and sou'-westers; lenders of money on seamen's advance-notes; buyers of parrots and cockatoos, thin Trichinopoly cheroots, guava jelly, and Angostura bitters from home-returning Jack.

Look at my Thames, Historicus! and you will have little difficulty in calling before your mind's eye the old days when she was the Silent Highway for all, from the monarch taking water at Westminster, to the prisoner floating in at Traitor's Gate; when Richard the Second, floated in his tapestried barge, and seeing Gower the poet, called him on board, and bade him "make a book after his best," whence arose the *Confessio Amantis*; when Wolsey, giving up York Place, "took his barge at his privy stairs, and so went by water to Putney;" when Sir Thomas More, abandoning his chancellorship and his state, gave up his barge and his eight watermen to Sir Thomas Audley, his successor; when James the Second, flying from his throne, embarked at Whitehall, as old Evelyn records in his Diary: "I saw him take barge—a sad sight." Time after time the oars cleave the waters, the swift wherries hurry towards the water postern of the Tower, the warder stands erect in the bows flouting the thick darkness with his flaming torch, the bearded guards lean negligently on their halberds, and in the midst sit the prisoners; now, courtly Essex, or grave-faced Raleigh; now, Northumberland, or vacillating Dudley, or gentle Lady Jane Grey. The Traitor's Gate opens, and the Constable of the Tower receives them at the stairs; then the hurried trial, the sentence, and the early morning when the black-visored headsman does his work.

As in a dissolving view, gone is the grim old Traitor's Gate; and, in its place, rises a rotunda with a Doric portico, an arcade, and a gallery outside, a Venetian pavilion in the centre of a lake, and grounds planted with trees and allées verts. This is Ranelagh, and the Silent Highway

is silent no longer, bearing the chattering company thither on its bosom. "The prince, princess, duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, are there." My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it, that he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither. Dr. Arne composes the music for a concert; fireworks and a mimic Etna are introduced. A mask taps Sir Roger de Coverley on the shoulder, and begs to drink a bottle of mead with him; and Dr. Johnson—surly Sam himself—delivers that "the coup d'œil is the finest thing he has ever seen." The Silent Highway itself is broad, and clear, and wholesome, covered by gay wherries manned by jolly young watermen, all of whom are "first oars" with those fine City ladies who go to Ranelagh and Vauxhall, and all of whom row so neat and scull so steadily (albeit thinking of nothing at all), that the maidens all flock to their boats, and they are never in want of a fare.

But the prompter's bell sounds, and through the Venetian pavilion, already half faded, I see the outline of Hungerford pier, with the ticket-sellers' boxes and the advertisement hoarding; in place of the trees and the allées verts, are the black or chequered funnels of steamers, mingling conversation of beaux and belles is drowned in a roar of "Grinnidge, Woolridge—this way for Nine Ellums!" The rapidly decomposing heads and dresses of the jolly young watermen dwindle down into the small whole-length of a wiry boy, who, with his eye on the captain's pantomimic finger, shrieks out with preternatural shrillness, "Turn a' starn!"

Yes! this is what it has all come to! The ancient Britons and their coracles, the middle ages and their romance of black boats and halberdiers and prisoners, and torches and Traitor's Gate, the Queen Anne times of hoops and powder, periwigs and cocked-hats, rapiers and Ranelagh, all come down to a pea-soup atmosphere, a tidal sewer edged with bone-boiling and tallow-melting premises, and lashed into dull yellow foam by the revolving paddles of the iron steam-boats of the Waterman and Citizen Companies, plying every three minutes. The jolly young waterman, who used to row along thinking of nothing at all, is now compelled to think a good deal of the management of his craft, lest she should come in contact with others, or with bridge piers, and be incontinently sunk. Enormous barges, so helpless and unwieldy that one doubts the possibility of their ever being got home, still cumber Thames's broad bosom; light skiffs dot the surface from Putney to Twickenham; pretty yachts dodge about the Erith and Greenhithe reaches; snorting little tugs struggle frantically as they drag big East Indiamen down to the Nore; but still the real Silent Highwaymen, now-a-days, are the passenger steamers.

The river steam-boat traffic may be divided into the above and below bridge; for, though some of the Greenwich boats proceed as high as Hungerford, the chief portion of their trade lies between London-bridge and their point of destination, while none of the Chelsea boats are seen

south of London-bridge. The above bridge traffic is conducted by the boats of the Citizen and the Iron Steam-boat Company, working in harmony and sharing "times." Their management is, I believe, excellent, but in this paper I shall confine myself to speaking of the Waterman Company's fleet, which is the largest and the longest established on the river. Forty years ago, when the inhabitants of Greenwich had occasion to visit London, they were conveyed to and fro in boats with covered awnings, rowed by a pair of oars, in which, at a charge of sixpence each, they were brought to Tower stairs: those going by land had the privilege of paying eightpence for a ride in a slow and very stuffy omnibus, while Woolwich residents had to get to Greenwich as best they could, and thence proceed either by land or water conveyance. As Greenwich extended and the power of steam became known, the watermen of Greenwich formed themselves into a company, and started one or two steam-boats, one opposition company did the same, a fraternity at Woolwich followed in the track, and the opposition became tremendous. All these boats started from the same piers at the same time, and the happy captain was he who could cleverly cut into his adversary, knock off her paddle-box, and thus disable her for several days' trip. This state of things could not last long, the Greenwich Company "caved in," the Waterman and the Woolwich Company entered into amicable arrangement, and thenceforward ran in concord.

These two companies own thirteen boats each; the total number of river steam-boats plying on the Thames between Gravesend and Richmond being about sixty. The boats belonging to the Waterman's Company average about ninety tons each, each measures about a hundred and sixteen feet in length, fourteen feet in width, and eight feet in depth. All are built of iron, manufactured in the company's own yard at Woolwich, where about seventy artificers are in constant employment: in addition to which force, the company has about sixty men afloat, and eighteen collectors of tickets or supervisors. Each boat has a crew consisting of a captain, a mate, two men, a call-boy, an engineer, and a stoker. With the exception of the engineers and stokers, all these men must be free watermen (an act of parliament accords to the Waterman's Company the privilege of demanding that all the crews of passenger-carrying vessels must be watermen), and all work up, in regular rotation, from the post of call-boy to that of captain. This alone secures that intimate knowledge of the river, and that incessant vigilance, which is absolutely necessary for the protection of life; the call-boy is apprenticed to the captain generally, and rises by gradual steps from the bottom of the paddle-box to the top of it, from watching the captain's fingers and explaining his pantomime to the engineer, to twiddling his own fingers and commanding the boat. Everywhere, except in the engine-room, the captain is supreme, and even the engineer is bound implicitly to obey the captain's orders as to the

speed and direction of the vessel. Liberal wages are paid: the captain receives two guineas a week, the engineer the same, the mate has thirty shillings, the men six-and-twenty, the boy seven—and this is not too much, when it is remembered that about fourteen hours daily is the average attendance required of each.

The expenses attendant on the management of such a company are very large. In addition to the weekly wages just detailed, it may be reckoned that the primary cost of each boat, exclusive of repairs, is five thousand pounds, while the pierage dues are enormous. At the piers held by the Thames Conservancy the company have to pay sums averaging from one penny to sixpence for every time their boats call, while at other piers they are charged amounts varying from four shillings and sixpence to seven shillings and sixpence for every hundred passengers landing. Thus they disburse between three and four thousand a year in pier dues; the rent of the Greenwich landing stage, which belongs to a company, is alone two thousand pounds a year. With all these disbursements the company pay a dividend of five per cent. A complaint of drunkenness or incivility against those employed by them, is unknown, and such good feeling exists, that the masters now invite the men to an annual supper, at which great conviviality reigns, and the highest mutual respect is expressed.

Here is a little bit of the history of my modern silent highway-men. Come, Monsieur, Herr, or Signor, and show me anything like it in the countries where you dwell.

A COMPLETE GENTLEMAN.

EXCELLENT Mr. Henry Peacham, M.A., sometime (about two centuries and a half since) of Trinity Colledge in Cambridge, not satisfied with directing the classical studies of the truly Noble and Most Hopefull Mr. William Howard, third sonne to the then Earl Marshall of England, determined to launch that hopeful scion into the great world, "fashioned absolute in the most necessarie and commendable Qualities concerning Minde or Bodie, that may be required in a Noble Gentleman."

Rightly conceiving that the Most Hopefull, just entering fashionable life, would be likely to yield but lax attention to a long dry discourse upon education and manners, worthy Mr. Peacham adopts a lively anecdotic style, and to this circumstance the remarkable longevity of his work is perhaps owing.

His respect for the Nobility is founded upon the singular fact, well known to all human naturalists, that there are "certain sparkes and secret seedes of vertue in the children of Noble Personages, which, if carefully attended in the Blossome, will yield the fruit of Industry and glorious action, not only above the strength of the Vulgar, but even before the time Nature (who is evidently weaker than Nobility) hath appointed." The essential qualities of gentle-

manhood to which Mr. Peacham proposes to invite the attention of the Most Hopefull, are fourteen in number:

1. Of a Gentleman's Carriage in the Vniuersitie. 2. Of his Stile. 3. Of his Cosmography. 4. Of his memorable observations in Survey of the Earth. 5. Of his Geometry. 6. Of his Poetry. 7. Of his Musike. 8. Of his limning and painting in Oyle. 9. Of his Armory, and Blazing Armes. 10. Of Exercise of Bodie. 11. Of his Reputation and Carriage. 12. Of his Travaile. 13. Of his Warre. 14. Of his—fishing.

Mr. Peacham writes from his house at Hogsdon, by London, May, sixteen hundred and twenty-seven, that, "Being taken with a Quartane Feaver, that leasure I had, as I may truly say by *fits*," (ha! ha!) "I employd vpon this Discourse, for the private use of a Noble young Gentleman, my Friend, not intending it should ever see light." (Oh, Peacham, Peacham!) "Howsoever, I have done it, and if, iudicious reader, thou shalt find herein anything that may content thee, I shall be encouraged to a more serious Peece. If not, but out of a malignant humour, thou disdainest what I have done, I care not. I have pleased myself, and long since learned Envie, together with her sister Ignorance, to harbour only in the basest and most degenerate Breast."

With this agreeable understanding, writer and reader start fair, and the former devotes his first chapter to a careful refutation of his own theory—that the nobly descended have "certain sparkes and secret seedes of vertue" above the strength of the vulgar—dealing it a succession of well-planted blows, in the examples of Socrates, who "stopt the furie of Epaminondas, and became Lieutenant-General to Artaxerxes, yet but the sonne of a poore cobbler." Of Eumenes, the sonne of an Ordinarie Carter. Of Dioclesian, the sonne of a Scrivener. Of Hugh Capet, sonne of a Butcher in Paris, who carried himself and his businesse so that he got the Crowne from the true heir, Charles, the Vncle of Lewis.

Moreover, our Author quotes that speeche of Sigismund the Emperour to a Doctor of Civil Law, who, on receiving knighthood, forthwith cut the other LL.D.s, and consorted only with knights, which piece of old-world snobbishness the Emperour observing, smiling, said unto him, "Foole, who preferrest knighthood before learning and thy degree, I can make a thousand knights in one day, but not one Doctor in a thousand years."

The circumstance of having been tutor to the Most Hopefull third son of an earl, was the source of considerable embarrassment to good Mr. Peacham in settling his views concerning the inherent rights and qualities of nobility. To do him justice, he was evidently not wanting in sense nor "vertue," and it must have been a problem as difficult as any he had ever solved at the Vniuersitie, to reconcile the lives at that period habitually led by the youthful aristocracy with any principles commonly supposed to bear

upon the making of a true gentleman. On what plea should the dishonourable young scamp of the day, who notoriously possessed nothing of nobility except its badge, preserve his claim to the deference of better men? There appeared to Mr. Peacham but one loophole of escape for the Most Hopefuls, and they were not a few, who happened to be in this predicament. Nobility is acquired and held by the title of "virtue." Good. The corruptions of our times make vices virtues. Good again. Then Nobility is virtuous, and retains its rights.

The question whether poverty impeacheth nobilitie is definitively set at rest by the fact that Curius and Fabricius were (a singular coincidence) both engaged upon a poore Dinner of Turneps and Water-cresses, when called to the command of the armies of conquering Rome.

As touching the nobility of profession, it must be satisfactory to the British bar to know that, though they be not commonly lords, advocates hold a commendable place in the commonwealth, ought to be freed of mulcts, publike charges, and impositions, and to be written and sent vnto, as vnto persons of especial worth and dignitie.

Concerning physick—although the state and title of M.D. is not that most coveted by the highest aristocracy—it is an Art noble and free. Kings and queens have enjoyed a considerable practice among their subjects: witness Mithridates of Pontus, whose antidote still bears his name; Artemisia of Caria, who found the vertue of Mugwort; Gentius of Illyricum, who immortally liveth in the herbe gentian; and, above all, our own Edward the Confessor, to whom was first given the curing of the King's Euile, whence it hath been derived to our sovereigns his successors, and was no doubt assiduously practised by our excellent George the Fourth. "I heere intend," cautiously adds the aristocratic sage, "no common Chyrurgians, Mountebancks, vntettered Empericks, and Women-Doctors (of whom there is more danger than of the worst disease), whose practise is mechanic and base."

The fruit and use of Nobilitie, which fruit are as the apples of Hesperides, golden and out of the vulgar reach, are, according to our author, these:

Nobles ought to bee preferred in Fees and offices before the common people, to bee admitted about the person of the Prince, to bee of his Counsell in Warre, and to bear his standard.

We ought to give credit to a noble before any of the inferior sort. (The Most Noble the Marquis of Loosfish, who deceased not long since, leaving three hundred thousand pounds of debt, gave his unqualified adhesion to this doctrine.)

He must not be pleaded against, upon cozenage. (May swindle ad lib.)

Wee must attend him, and come to his house—not hee to ours.

He ought in all sittings, meetings, and salutations, to have the upper hand. (Somewhat vague, but a genuine flunkieism will cover the requisition handsomely.)

In criminal causes, Noblemen may appeare by

their Attorney. (And still avail themselves of the privilege, where the presence of that useful officer sufficeth.)

They ought to take their recreations of hunting, hawking, &c., freely, without controule in all places. (Farmers, down with your fences!)

They may cate the best and daintiest meate that the place affordeth; to wear at their pleasure Gold, jewels, the best Apparrell, and of what fashion they please. (A privilege most unwarrantably usurped by the well-to-do commonalty of our day.)

Finally, it many times procureth a good marriage. (As the Morning Post, towards the close of every season, doth abundantly testify.)

In France, Mr. Peacham considers, everybody aims at Nobilitie—all persons, from the King downwards, answering to "Mounseer," a title (especially during the season of cheap excursion trains from London) still familiar to the Gallic ear. Our author concludes this noble chapter with an anecdote apparently rather opposed to his wonted respect for distinctive honours: "Euripides, when his father told him he was knighted, uttered this reply: 'Good father, you have that which every man may have for his money.'"

In a short parenthetical Discourse on the duty of masters, Mr. Peacham records the singular practice of his own pedagogue, who by no entreatie would teach any Scholler further than his father had learned before him. Had the sire's studies begun and terminated at the horn-book, there were the son's inexorably pulled up. His reason was that they would else prove sawey rogues, and controule their Fathers; a doctrine which even that thorough-paced conservative, Mr. Peacham, regards with some suspicion.

We approach the hallowed precincts of Alma Mater. Readers, whether they be themselves bound for the Vniversitie or not, will please to stand apart, for, "Mr. William Howard, give mee leave," says Mentor, "to direct my Discourse wholly to yourselfe." Which, having regard to the prefatory invitation to the "iudicious" reader to come and be taught, is somewhat scant politeness. We decline to go. Peachams are not to be had every day. We will know what is, or ought to be (or ought to have been), our carriage at the Vniversitie. Heretofore we know only that tandems were confinement to gates, and drags rustication.

Well, well, to avoid unseemly disputing, which might annoy the Most Hopefull, Mr. Peacham nods to us to remain, uncovered, and we then find that our—or rather Mr. William Howard's—first care, "even with pulling off the Boots, let it bee the choice of acquaintance and Company. For the companions of your recreation, comforte yourselfe with Gentlemen of your owne ranke and Qualitie, for to be free and familiar with inferiours, argues a basenesse of spirit, and begetteth contempt."

As touching a minor matter in Vniversitie life—studies—it will be found "aduisable to referre those most serious and important vnto

the morning," as, we believe, is occasionally done; and, as every maxim has its example, we are reminded of a gentleman whose sayings and doings have been not unfrequently the subject of quotation—Julius Caesar—who, "having spent the day about his military affairs, divided the night also, for three severall vses—one part for his sleepe, a seconde for the publike businesse, the third for his booke and studies."

The Discourse of Stile and Historie, truth to say, offereth not much for the edification of the modern student, who has been, no doubt, apprised of the identity of "Tullie" with Cicero, that Titus Livius could write, that Virgil penned a flowing line or two, that Tacitus was "copious in pleasing brevitie"—though, at school, a still greater brevity would have made him yet more pleasing—while, as for Historie, "let me warne you," says our Gamaliel, "ne sis peregrinus domi—do not be as a stranger at home, which is a common fault of English travellers in forreyne lands, who (as a greate Peere of France once told me) know nothing of their own Country, though Second to None."

The old Lord Treasurer Burleigh—if any came for a licence to *travaille*—would first examine him of England. If he found him ignorant, would bid him stay at home and know his own country first—a recommendation seldom, nowadays, given in Downing-street, on application for that delusive document—the passport.

History, let it not be forgotten, has among its other "vses" a sanitary effect. Bodin tells of some who have recovered their healths by the reading of history; and it is credibly affirmed of King Alphonsus, that only reading of Quin. Curtius cured him of a dangerous fever. "If I could have beene so rid of my late quattune ague," says the playful sage, "I would have said with the same good king, Valeat Avicenna, vivat Curtius." But then we should not have had this book. For general reading, we are commended to Richard the Third, by Sir T. More; the *Arcadia* of the Noble Sir Philip Sidney; Mr. Hooker his *Policie*; and the writings of the last Earle Northampton, which are (a dubious compliment) "past mending."

As touching Cosmography, the importance to a compleat Gentleman of its terrestrial portion, is shown clearly enough by the mishap which befel "unfortunate Cyrus," who, from sheer ignorance of geography, was defeated with the tidy loss of two hundred thousand men. Now Alexander, when about to annex another kingdom or two, would first cause a "mappe" to be drawn in colours, showing where were the safest entrance—how pass that river—where most commodiously give battayle. Indeed, it is possible that similar cosmographical precautions associated themselves, not indirectly, with the success of Waterloo.

As for the Celestial portion, here is a couplet which, like the immortal lyric "Thirty days hath September," is calculated, both by truth and melody, to retain a firm hold of the youthful mind:

Would you know the Planets soone?

Remember S.I.M.S.V.M. and the moon.

These being the initials of the six planets of Peacham's day—Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, and Mercury. These are old acquaintance, and their aspect and movements not unfamiliar, but every student is not aware that the ninth, or Crystalline Heaven, moveth by force of the first mover (tenth heaven) first from east to west, then from west to east, upon his own poles, and accomplisheth his revolution in thirty-six thousand years. And, "this revolution finished, Plato was of opinion that the world should bee in the same state as it was before, I should live and print my booke again, and you read it in the same age and the same apparel;" a discouraging prospect for the advocates of progress, but which is enlivened by a "merry tale of two poore Schollars and their Hoste, which Schollars, having lain long at an Inn, and spent their money, told their Host how that, that time thirty-six thousand years, the world should be again as it was, and they should be at the same Inn, so desired him to trust them till then. Quoth mine Host, 'I believe it to be soe, for I remember six-and-thirty thousand years ago you were here, and left just such a reckoning unpaid. I pray you, gentlemen, discharge that first, and I will trust you for the next.'"

The Most Hopefull must have been somewhat startled to find, in the course of his observations in survey of the earth, that the population of the ocean-depths comprises not only the likeness of all land creatures—elephants, horses, dogs, calves, hares, snails, and fowls of the air, as hawks, swallows, and vultures, but men and women, and even professions, the monk being notably pre-eminent. But hereof see Junius, in his "Batania," and, if you please (rather if you can get him), Alex. de Alexandris. At all events, "at Swartwale, near Brill, in Holland, is to be seene a Mermaide's dead Body, hanging up." That is well; to have suspended the shy and sensitive creature *alive* would have been gross inhumanity. With regard to the singular changes of the face of the earth, the idea that the mountain might possibly wait upon Mahomet was not so extravagant after all, inasmuch as in the consulship of Lucius Marcius "two mountains met, and ioyned themselves together."

Poetry, according to Strabo the first philosophy that ever was taught, must not be omitted from the Most Hopefull's completeness, and far, indeed, be it from us, his humble copupils, to wish it otherwise. Like History, it is not only soothing but medicinal; witness its important effect on Telesilla, that noble Ladie, who, being sicke, was by the oracle recommended to apply her mind to the Muse, which she observing, recovered in a short space, and, inspired by her own strains, grew so sprightly courageous, that, having fortified Argos with divers women only, herself and companions sallying out, entertained Cleomenes with such a Camisado, that he was faine to show his back!

What a lucky fellow was that Chartian, and how happily timed the little nap he was taking in the king's ante-chamber, when the Lady Anne of Bretaine, passing through, stooped down

and openly kissed him, saying pleasantly, "Wee must honor with our kisse the mouth from which so many sweet and golden verses have proceeded."

For later poets, have we Sir Thomas Chaloner, himself bred at the Unversitie, sometime ambassador in Spain, where, at his leisure, he compiled ten elegant Bookes in Latin verse, supervised after his death by Malim, dedicated to my Lord Burghley, and since happily mislaid.

That kings may not only patronise but even create poets, is evidenced by the circumstance, so honourable to the literary taste of the time, that Gower, "beeing very gracious with King Henry the Fourth, carried the name of the onely poet, albeit his verses were poore and plaine." In the time of the sixth Edward lived Sternhold, "made groome of the Bedchamber for turning of certain of David's Psalms into verse." And after him flourished Doctor Phaer, who purposed to translate Virgil's *Æneid*, but didn't. "Thus much of Poetrie."

Musicke craveth our acquaintance next, and, as our instructor truly remarks, never wise man questioned the lawful use thereof, since it is for the praise and honour of the Creator, and the solace of sorrowful and careful man. Moreover, music, like her sister Muses, is medicinal to the body, a great lengthener of life. "Besides, the exercise of singing openeth the breast and pipes, is an enemy to melancholy, which St. Chrysostom truly calls the 'Devel's Bath,' yea, a curer of some diseases, for, at Apuglia, in Italy, it is most certain that those who are stung with the Tarantula, are cured only by Musicke. And I myself have known many children who have been holpen in their stammering by it.

"Let it be remembered, however, by the Most Hopefull, that persons of Quality and of high station, must not give themselves too warmly to the study of this or any art, but take warning by Eropus, king of Macadonia, who tooke pleasure only in making of Candles." (The illustrious Garibaldi did a little in that line, before lighting the torch of freedom.) "Ptolomy was an excellent Basket-maker. Domitian, his recreation was to catch and kill flies, and could not be spoken with in so serious employment; and Rodolph, the late emperor, delighted himself in making Watches."

Of limning and painting, since Aristotle numbers it among the generous practices of youth in a well-governed commonwealth, Mr. Peacham "gives it in charge" to all of us, as a quality most commendable, and many wayes vselfull to a Gentleman. In the palmy days of Greece, this noble art was allowed to be taught only to the noble. Let us be grateful to the liberal spirit of later ages, that has conceded the colour-box and palette to every common individual in whom taste and genius reside.

Mr. Peacham, who was himself "addicted to the practice hereof," relates a touching anecdote of his childhood, which cannot be omitted: "I remember one master I had (yet living not farre from St. Alban's) took me one time drawing with my pen a peare-tree and boyes throwing at it, at

the end of my Latin Grammar, which he perceiving in a rage, strooke mee with the greate end of the rodde, and rent my paper, swearing it was the onely way to teache mee to robbe orchards."

Of one Hans Holbein, and another obscure person called Michael Angelo, something has, perhaps, already reached us; but probably the story of Quintin Matsys has not often been told more concisely than by Mr. Peacham, but it is too well known to be repeated here.

Pass we quickly to a yet more serious and salutary consideration—the due exercise of a complete Gentleman's Body. And here, on the very threshold of the subject, we once more encounter the inevitable Cæsar. "Iulius Cæsar vsed the exercise of riding, and hereby became so active and skilful, that he would lay his hands behind him, put his horse to ful career, make him on the suddaine take hedge or ditch, and stop him." That Iulius was good across country may be readily believed. The "stopping" his nag with his hands behind him is a different matter.

There are certain difficulties connected with this branch of completeness. It is clear that not a few forms of exercise are accompanied with an amount of danger, as well as vulgarity, entirely unsuited to the thews and muscles of Nobility. "For throwing and wrestling, I hold them exercises not well becomming nobility, but rather souldiers in a campe, or a prince's guard, neither have I heard of any prince or Generall commended for wrestling, save Epaminondos Achmat," whose solitary example is insufficient to nobilise the sport. Running and agility of body may be held commendable, forasmuch as even Nobles may find themselves in positions to render the nimble use of legs desirable. Roman soldiers were selected for their running, and the omnipresent Cæsar pops in to inform us that strokes are surer laid on by motion in the striker—a fact utterly undeniable. Running is also excellent for the lungs.

"Sertorius, a brave commander, to cure the smalness of his voice, would vsually run vp a hill."

Leaping, although its practice in chambers at the Unversitie might be unacceptable to the Most Hopefull's immediate neighbours, is healthful for the Body, in the Morning. "Vpon a full stomach—on to Bedward—it is dangerous, and in no wise to be exercised." Let diners at Black-wall or the Mansion House take note of this.

Swimming is very requisite, inasmuch as Horatius Cocles, "by the benefit of swimminge, saved his country"—a fact of which we were not before aware. And Scevolo, who came with our excellent friend Cæsar to Britain, "having made good, a whole day, a mighty Rocke against the Brittaines, cast himself into the deepe, and swam safe to Cæsar and the flecte." And, albeit such chances may not fall to the lot of Mr. William Howard, there is no harm in being prepared for them.

The very first virtue—the "Mother of virtues"—that a gentleman has to cultivate, is,

frugality. "As soone as you are able, looke into your estate, laboring not merely to conserve it entire, but to augment it" (there was the hand of the Earl Marshal in this) "by a wise fore-thought, marriage, or some other thriftie means."

"Be not so rash as to refuse good Counsell, as Cæsar" (we cannot get on an inch without him) "did, when he refused the booke of a poore Scholler, wherein the intended plot was discovered."

The gentleman must fail not of thrift in his Apparrell; yet not be basely parsimonious, so as to incur the ridicule attaching to a monarch of France, in whose Exchequer accounts, yet remaining, appeareth: "Item—so much for red Satten to sleeve the King his old Doublet. Item—a halfpenny for liquor for his Boots."

As touching our Diet, we must remember that health, as well as gentility, is imperilled by excess in eating and drinking, and also in Tobacco taking—videlicet, Smoking. Avoid superfluity and waste, and do not, like our ubiquitous friend Cæsar, who, "in regard of his Lybian triumph, filled, at one banquet, *two-and-twenty thousand rooms* with ghests!" and, what is more, actually paid the bill. Nor was this all, for, besides entertaining this select circle of say two hundred and twenty thousand, the immortal Julius gave to every Roman citizen ten bushels of wheat, ten pounds of oil, and three pounds two-and-six in cash. This is hospitality indeed. Excepting when an American gentleman of our own day entertained a chosen party of eight hundred at dinner, and bade four thousand more to supper, we know of no such private feasting, and it is very doubtful whether the largest wine-party ever given by the Most Hopefull at the Vniversitie, ever approached such proportions. But what shall we say of a gentleman named "Smyndirides," who was, shocking to relate, so given to feasting, that he saw not the sunne rise, nor set, in twenty years?

It is entirely due to those wicked Dutch, that intoxication is occasionally noticed in England. A drunken man was quite a curiosity in this our sober isle, until we "had to doe in the quarrell of the Netherlands," and therein learned the virtue of Hollands, and the reprehensible custom of pledging healths.

In the important matter of conversation, "let your discourse be free and affable, with a sweete and liberall manner, seasoning your talk, among grave discourses, with concepts of wit and pleasant invention, as ingenious Epigrammes, Emblems, Anagrammes, merry tales, Mistakings, as a Melancholy Gentleman, sitting one day at table, started vp, vpon the sudden, and, meaning to say, '*I must goe buy a dagger*,' by transposition of the letters, said, '*I must goe dye a beggar*,'" which afforded the company the highest satisfaction.

Have a care ever to speake the truth. The Persians had a law that whoever had been thrice convicted of falsehood, should never speak his whole life afterwards. And Plato remarketh that it is only permitted to physicians to lie.

As regards the complete gentleman's Trauaile, that point having been already touched upon in his memorable observations on survey of the earth, it is only necessary to warn you, before entering upon such observations, to do what is systematically omitted by travellers from the land of Cockaigne—"seeke the language, that you may be fit for conference, furnishing yourself with the discreetest and most able master. . . . Now, as well for neighbourhood's sake as that the French tongue is chiefly affected by our nobility, it being a copious language and a sweete, I wish you (the Most Hopefull) first of all to see France. You shall find the French free and courteous . . . full of discourse, quick-witted, sudden in action, and generally light and inconstant, which Cæsar (the indefatigable) implies when he calls their determinations sudden and ill considered."

Spain and France being but one continent, we may be permitted to cross the "Pyrenean hills," in the suite of the Most Hopefull, and, having accomplished this feat, shall find a decided scarcity of victuals, the folk being by constitution hot and dry, and not able to digest good roast beef, and, consequently, subsisting chiefly upon sallets and marmalade, a "dyet" ineligible for British stomach. We shall find the ladies both black and little, but well-favoured, and for discourse admirable.

In Warre we can derive but little practical wisdom from good Mr. Peacham; for so much as "pykes," as instruments of strife, are nearly obsolete, halberds scarce, and that description of musquet which required no less than thirty-four distinct movements before the final "give fire," hath undergone simplification.

And now, with one exception—his fysHINGE—behold our gentleman complete. Our teacher, himself a zealous angler, will by no means dispense with this "honest and patient recreation for vacant howers." "For angling there be divers kinds, but the most vsefull are but two—either at the topp of the water with a flye, or at the bottome with bayts. For lynes, they must be framed according to the fish where you angle, but, for small Fysh, vse three good hayres pluckt from the tayl of a good cart-horse that is lusty and in flesh, for your poor Iade's hayre is not so good. . . ."

The most enthusiastic watcher of the float will acquiesce in the opinion with which good Mr. Peacham concludes his admirable Discourses, that heigh Winds, great Raynes, Snow and Hayle, Thunder and Lightning, Storms, or any violent wind that cometh from the East, are, very decidedly, "naught to Angle in."

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